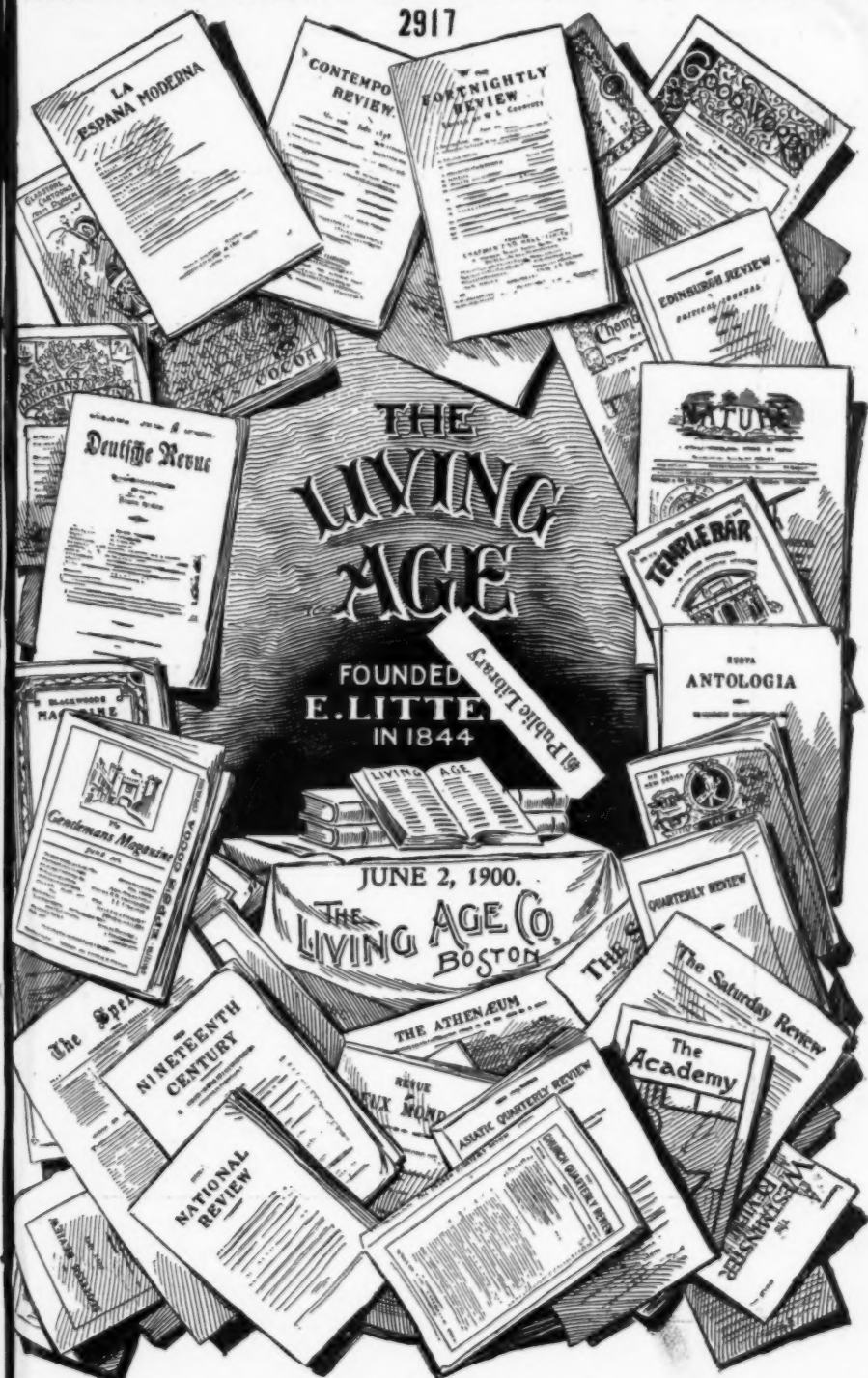


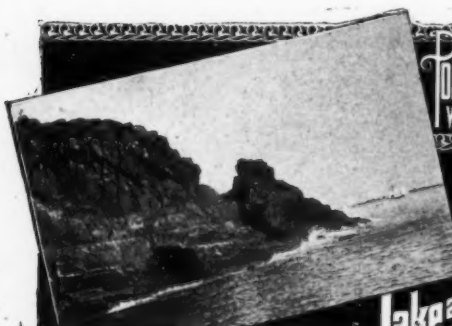
TOLSTOI'S NEW ROMANCE. By Rene Doumic.

2917



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{ From Beginning.
Vol. CCXXV. }

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NO. 2917. JUNE 2, 1900.

FROM BEGINNING
Vol. CCXIV.

COUNT TOLSTOI'S NEW ROMANCE.*

Whoever has once ranked with the greatest writers of his age has a penalty to pay. He may solemnly have abjured, at a later period, all the errors of his youth, denounced the vanity of literature in general, and strenuously maintained that brain-labor is inferior in nobility to manual labor; but the day comes when nature is too strong for him. An essential quality of his mind having once impelled him to observe the great pageant of the world and to reproduce, through the medium of art, its manifold and ever-changing aspects, he has ultimately to listen to the inner voice, and relapse into the sin of literature. Such is, at the present moment, the case of Count Tolstoi. He had long denied himself the kind of writing which had won him the admiration of the whole world of letters. He had renounced his vocation as an imaginative writer, an historical conjurer, a painter of society, and that supreme analyst of souls to whom we were indebted for "War and Peace" and "Anna Karénina." A book had become to him a weapon merely; he confined himself to the composition of controversial treatises from which he banished, as far as possible, all literary artifice. Nor have we any reason to suppose that his apostolic

zeal has diminished, his faith in the value of his moral and social teaching wavered, or his opinions changed. They have merely assumed once more a romantic form, and spontaneously organized themselves into a work of art. It is, therefore, from the artistic point of view that we propose to review this new work of an artist who has resumed his true calling. Tolstoi's ideas are well known, and there is no occasion for discussing them here. How it is that these ideas have clothed themselves in a narrative form and been embodied in human characters, whose thoughts and feelings they express, how the author of "Resurrection" has remained the author of his first romances with all his original endowment, and how the long struggle which has been going on within him has modified his own point of view and left its traces upon his new creations,—such are the questions which assail the critic in presence of this new literary event. . .

"Resurrection" is a study in moral responsibility. A young man of high family, Nekhludov, is juryman at the Court of Assizes. Among the prisoners is a woman of the streets,—one Maslova, who is accused of poisoning. This creature, soiled by years of vice,

* Translated for The Living Age.

who has at last brought herself within reach of the criminal law, Nekhludov had once known as a pure and innocent girl. He had loved, seduced, and abandoned her, and her fall and her desertion by him had been the determining cause of her life of shame. Her entire infamy was thus, in a manner, the work of Nekhludov. It was his own crime which was brought home to him by a startling combination of circumstances, and his responsibility was undeniable. Recalled to a sense of duty by this brutal warning, Nekhludov resolves then and there to atone for his fault by entering upon a new life, in which his conduct shall be shaped by the laws of absolute morality, without reference to the conventional codes and opinions of his world. Maslova is sentenced to hard labor for life, and Nekhludov undertakes to follow her to Siberia. In reality, the verdict was an unjust one. She was innocent of murder, and the man resolves to get her sentence reversed; or, failing that, to obtain her pardon. He will also marry Maslova if he can obtain her consent. He will thus have rescued, from the gulf in which it had been submerged, one human soul, bringing it back to the light by degrees and restoring to it the sense of personal dignity. For his own part, he who had thus far wallowed in selfishness will shake off his moral torpor; he who had been imprisoned in falsehood will break his own chains. We are invited to behold the saving of two souls—a twofold resurrection. One can easily see the capabilities of such a plot, if developed in all its breadth and scope by so powerful a writer as Tolstol. The moral crisis to which our attention is invited takes place in the soul of a man whose eyes have been opened suddenly, and whose whole view of life is absolutely changed, through the complete regeneration of his heart.

What strikes us first in this new novel of Tolstol's is that he has lost nothing of his old remarkable breadth and fulness of treatment. And here we may take occasion once again to explain exactly what we mean, and to defend Tolstol against the unfortunate championship of some of his own friends. We need not concern ourselves about the din they raise by their vain and noisy admiration, but they must not be allowed to misrepresent his ideas. According to these fanatics, what gives the tales of Tolstol their peculiar breadth and freedom is the fact that he disdains what is called regular, balanced and harmonious composition, and is thus delivered from that tyranny of an artificial rhetoric which gives so starved and mean an air to the composition of the rest of us. Here, in short, is a literature which is no literature. It is unnecessary to point out the childishness, not to say crudity, of such a judgment. However it may differ in some respects from ours,—though much less even so than is ordinarily supposed,—the rhetoric of Tolstol is none the less rhetoric. It would not be difficult, either, to analyze its methods, or to point out their mere artificial side. But, independently of these methods, there are certain faults which mar the effect of Tolstol's finest works, and which are conspicuous in this last book also. There is a prolixity of narrative, there are repetitions and digressions, a loose relation of the characters to one another, and an overwhelming mass of details, of which many are entirely superfluous. These are not the things which produce that impression of life which we receive from the romances of Tolstol. On the contrary, they divide and disperse our interest—and, let us say it quite deliberately, they bore us. We are sensible of these defects in the second, and even more so in the third part of "Resurrection,"

where the development of abstract ideas and theoretic discussion generally encroach unduly upon the action—to retard and clog it. It is not these faults which make the book admirable; but it is a fine book in spite of them. Tolstoi is to be praised for the quality of his mind, not for his lapses in art.

Tolstoi's greatest claim to distinction lies in the fact that he possesses at the same time, and in an eminent degree, gifts which usually preclude one another. As a poet, he has imbibed and infused into his works a deep inspiration from external nature. This nature he loves for its fecundity, its opulence, its eternal youth, not alone for the beauty of its visible pageants, but for the lessons which men may read in them. In "Resurrection" there are some of the very best descriptive bits which Tolstoi has ever produced. Unforgettable in their freshness are those idyllic scenes which describe the sports of innocent youth in the spring meadows, and the mysterious agitation occasioned by those sounds which herald the breaking up of the ice on April nights. Even when he is developing an abstract proposition or observing social phenomena, Tolstoi is perpetually haunted by reminiscences of the natural world. Thus he is never divorced from his environment, but moves in an atmosphere of absolute reality.

Tolstoi is a connoisseur in souls, and no writer of our day has gone further in the line of psychological penetration. He knows how to convey with rare exactitude the different tones in which the same spirit will express itself at different times. His Nekhludov, when he goes to his aunt's house, in order to finish his student's thesis in the tranquillity of the country, is the typical young man at that delicious but too brief moment when his soul is all purity, generosity, enthusiasm. He knows nothing of life beyond his

own dream of it; sees nothing of the world save the ideal picture which exists in his own imagination. He has no notion that his ideal can ever be defaced. He can therefore live with the graceful Katucha, who is something more than a servant—almost a lady—and think of her merely as a companion, young and innocent like himself. He suspects nothing wrong in the mutual attraction which draws them to one another. Why, moreover, should not Katucha be his wife some day? Two years pass—two of those youthful years which are so full of incident, so decisive in the formation of character—and now Nekhludov has mingled with the world and become another man. He has lightly adopted the maxims current in a wealthy, idle, dissipated society. He is passing through that period of conceited folly when "the natural man," intent upon satisfying his own youthful instincts, hushes the voice of the spiritual man. At this period he sees Katucha once more, and now she represents to him a mere transient gratification. And yet, because the sweet emotions of old, though modified by experience, are still astr in the depths of his being, Nekhludov is conscious during that Easter night, when he goes with Katucha to the midnight mass, of a profound and enduring love for the girl. This is why, when he sees again, after a long separation, her whom he thought he had completely forgotten, he becomes so deeply agitated, why the past revives with such startling vividness.

Unlike those writers whose native aptitude for the study of the inner life and skill in the analysis of emotion often seem to unfit them for the representation of human activity under its social aspect, Tolstoi is, to say the least of it, no less remarkable as a painter of manners than as a psychologist. The chief defect in most of the pictures of social life which are at

present produced in France and elsewhere is that they are the work of literary men who have deliberately made themselves a class apart—and, therefore, see society from the outside only. When the mere man of letters undertakes to describe the manners of the aristocracy, one is always conscious of an effort to understand the ultra-refinement of that way of life. On the other hand, when he attempts to describe rustic life and the manners of the people, we feel the glaring incapacity of the townsman, whose brain is deformed by excessive intellectual labor, to fathom those simpler modes of living which appear to him little short of barbarous. But Tolstoi is on a level with those whom he depicts. Himself a nobleman, he has lived familiarly with gentlemen, dignitaries, all those who are privileged by birth and fortune. As a landed proprietor he has also lived among peasants, interested himself in their condition, investigated their ways of life, pitied their misery, and become passionately desirous of ameliorating their condition. The picture of the return of Nekhludov to the estate which he has inherited from his aunts is realistic in the best sense of the term, and profoundly affecting. He is aghast at perceiving, for the first time, the poverty and nakedness of the place. And the peasants, on their side, are equally amazed. Old men and children, gossips and village orators, all cluster about this extraordinary landlord, who wants to know what the moujiks have to eat. Equally natural and justly conceived seems to us the peasant attitude when Nekhludov proposes to divide the estate among his tenants. Do not fancy that they fall into ecstasies, and accept with enthusiasm the gift that is tendered them. It would argue a very slight acquaintance with the nature of the Russian peasant, or, indeed, of the peasant anywhere. For the very

reason that he toils hard for small gains, that his brain is dull and sluggish and he has often been duped, the peasant's first impulse is always one of distrust. He rejects what is contrary to his habits and any proposition where he suspects a hidden snare. He received his bias so many ages ago! Relations *grow up* between one class and another; interests become identical, or incompatible; actions speak for themselves, and are answered in like manner. The society represented in the pages of Tolstoi—a society bearing a living likeness to our own—is made up of this complicated system of relations, reactions, correspondences.

The relation that subsists between men born upon the same earth and under the stars that shine for all, subject to necessities and evils, and to a final end which is absolutely the same for all, ought, of course, to be a brotherly relation. There should be a bond of universal fraternity between human beings, all eager to help one another, and ready to take their share of a common burden. This is Tolstoi's central thought and main inspiration. It is this essentially religious principle which gives to his work, as a writer, its unity, meaning and scope. Here is one who does not describe for the sake of the description, nor analyze for the gratification of a vain curiosity. He is neither the neutral for whom human life is merely the material on which his art is exercised, nor the soulless moralist who receives a certain pleasure from all the stains and deformities which he discovers in this poor world of ours. Quite the contrary. An impassioned tenderness directs unwearying research and imparts to its results a peculiar significance. This it is which exalts and ennobles the realism of Tolstoi. This it is which so prolongs the perspective of the picture he draws for us, and causes his words to re-echo indef-

nitely in the souls of men. The accent of passion is just as noticeable in the last as in any of Tolstoy's previous romances; but it is curious to note how the development of his ideas, the thirty years which he has devoted to the study of social questions, and seemingly also his own increasing years, have modified the methods of Tolstoy's art. Here is where "Resurrection" differs from the great books of years ago. In those novels, though the author's tendency toward certain doctrines was plain enough, especially to the sympathetic reader, the study of manners was always close, and the analysis of emotion delicate. Most of all, Tolstoy excelled in depicting that mixture of good and evil whence it results that if we seldom find an entirely virtuous man, perfection in vice is quite as exceptional. There is nothing of all this in "Resurrection," where the author is swayed by the most violently preconceived ideas. On the one side are the sinners, who are precisely the men and women ordinarily described as good sort of people; on the other side, the suffering and oppressed—a whole population of victims. Rarely, indeed, has a heavier indictment been brought against existing society. Rarely, indeed, do we find in the social satirist more fire, more conviction, more energy—more zeal and wrath. It is the pamphlet invading the romance. It is hatred employed in the service of pity. And it is this violence and acrimony which give to the satire in question its literary charm.

The privileged classes of this world—all those who derive any benefit whatsoever from the existence of a social hierarchy—supply Tolstoy with instances which he depicts in a manner to remind one of Juvenal, d'Aubigné, Swift or Rousseau. It is a long procession of characters, of which some are altogether odious, others only gro-

tesque, sinister, laughable, deplorable or silly. We have the rich and powerful of this planet, vaunting their own wealth and authority, as thieves gloat over their stealings, their greed, their cruelty. We have petty tradesmen with smug faces, grocers, butchers, fishmongers, pastry-cooks. We have gentlemen's coachmen, equally smug, with their fat thighs and great display of big, square buttons. For the comfort of self-satisfied, careless, heartless beings like these, humanity's uncounted millions are doomed to suffer. But in order to keep the vast majority of the race in a condition of servitude, instruments are necessary, and these instruments are called social institutions. The author of "Resurrection" directs his attack more particularly against the so-called administration of justice. His vignettes of magistrates, judges, lawyers, incised and bitten with vitriol, must be set beside the Tame Cats of Rabelais. The magistrate is a functionary: hence his idea of justice is that of a business which will bring him in an income—a career where he expects promotion. The magistrate is also a man with passions, weaknesses, whims and vices. All these he brings with him to the bench, thus introducing elements which compromise, falsify and defeat the ends of justice. The president of the Court of Assizes is a profligate, who has received on the morning of the trial a note from a Swiss governess who had lived with him at one time, giving him a rendezvous for that evening; accordingly his one anxiety is to get through the sitting as quickly as possible, that he may be on time for the appointment. One of the judges has had a most unpleasant domestic scene in the morning, and is very much afraid that he shall find no dinner at home. Another is ill, and has said to himself that if the number of steps he takes between his bed and his closet proves

to be divisible by three his catarrh will be cured by the remedy he is trying. He found that he was going to take twenty-six steps, so he cheated a little at the last moment and took twenty-seven. His substitute in the court is a natural fool, whose folly has been enhanced by a university education and a certain degree of success with women. The clerk of the court is a Liberal—a Radical even; but this does not hinder his holding a place under government and saving something out of a salary of twelve hundred roubles. There is not a soul, up to the "pope" who administers the oath, who does not degrade his office by making it minister either to his personal vanity or his greed of gain. Lawyers, tradesmen, pettifoggers, advocates and jurists alike, are all in a conspiracy to stifle justice with technicalities and defeat the ends of morality by processes which are strictly legal. Add a dozen jurymen, who make answers which contradict their real opinion to questions which they have not understood. For the enforcement of the sentences thus pronounced you have an army of officials, great and small—governors, ministers, generals, under-officers, inspectors, keepers and the drivers of convict-gangs. There are scores of such figures, all drawn with a master touch, images of folly, selfishness, knavery, impudent vice or unconscious cruelty.

Over against the executioners we have the victims. Indignation is confronted by pity. Who can ever forget the jails, the dungeons, the convict-prisons that Tolstoi has depicted? He has brooded over the details of their physical misery and their moral anguish, and his eyes are still wild with horror of the sight. Grating of keys, clanking of chains, cracking of whips, and the sound of blows, quarrelling of women, raving of wardens, curses of prisoners, sobs, moans, insults, cries

of pain and cries of rage, all rise in a confused clamor, as from some circle of the Inferno. First it is the prison where Maslova is confined, with its filthy corridor, the close packing of the prisoners in its pestiferous halls, the gratings which cut them off from communion with the world. Then come the melancholy stages of the Siberian journey, the human herd so brutally driven, without regard to cold, fatigue or famine, or those who fall by the way. Certain specially sinister episodes vary the monotony of the lugubrious drama. Such is the case of the carriers, who are accused of no crime, but who are kept in confinement on account of some irregularity in their papers. Men are seen one day seemingly in good health, who fall next morning to answer the roll-call. Nekhludov had a talk one evening with a man in a silk neckerchief, and the next evening he recognized the same man in the room set apart for the dead. And among these folks so ingeniously tortured, confined, subjected to a system of absurd constraint, corrupted by ignoble associations which kill the soul before the body, there are innocent persons! One might almost suppose, if we are to believe Tolstoi, that the majority are innocent. There is nothing to compare with the awful vision which he conjures up, save some of the most atrocious pages of Dostolewsky.

If iniquities like these are indeed tolerated in the existing state of things, no wonder there are many individuals fired by an ardent desire to overthrow it. One of the most curious parts of "Resurrection" is the study it affords of that army of revolutionists of whom Tolstoi gives us a great number and variety of types. Simonson is a theorist. He has theories about everything, including marriage, which he considers immoral, because the business of having children diverts the at-

tention from the creatures already in existence, who are in need of help. He has theories also about all the details of practical life, about food and dress, and the best methods of heating and lighting dwellings.

Nabatov is your jolly revolutionist. Arrested, liberated, arrested again and transported, his spirits are all the higher for these varied experiences. Under all circumstances he is the same active, intrepid, good-humored soul. Markel, the working-man, became a revolutionist at the age of fifteen, because on a certain Christmas-tree the children of the poor got only small and worthless gifts, while those of the rich had all sorts of wonderful toys. Marie Pavlovna is the virgin revolutionist, and Emilie Rautzev is made one by the might of her wifely love.

The bitterly satirical picture of "respectable" society, side by side with the infernal horrors of the convict-prison, constitute frame-work and background to the adventures of Nekhludov and Maslova. On them Tolstoi has lavished all his vast resources of psychological invention. Impulsive, undecided, accessible to the most contradictory influences, ever ready for change and prone to extremes, Nekhludov's is essentially a weak and timid nature—one of those cowards, who, when they have once let themselves go, rush blindly on, until the impulse which they are following is exhausted. In his early youth he had been fascinated by the sociological theories of Herbert Spencer and Henry George, and the heaven had continued to work beneath the smooth and polished exterior of the man of the world. The result appears in the hour when the crime of Nekhludov is brought home to him. In the ardor with which he embraces the thought of a complete and splendid reparation there is a large admixture of pride. He is car-

ried away by the thought of the strange example he is about to set—the eccentricity of the deed he has resolved to do, the defiance of conventionalities, the boldness of braving public opinion, the insolence of listening to the voice of his own private conscience only. The difficulty of his undertaking is revealed to him on the day when he learns, from conversation with Maslova, how low she has fallen whom he proposes to save. He had hurried to the assistance of an unfortunate, expecting an outburst of gratitude. He finds himself in the presence of a besotted creature. But the difficulty of the sacrifice binds Nekhludov all the more to his work of redemption, and awakens within him, by slow degrees, a right feeling concerning it. It is only fitfully at first, and by a strong effort, that he can realize emotions of tenderness and pity. But by and by they become habitual with him, and the springs of sympathy with human suffering are opened wide within his soul. Such is the progressive change for the better which takes place in the character of Nekhludov. The stages of Maslova's conversion are noted with equal skill, from the day when she first solicits Nekhludov, in the mere hope of getting money for a drink. Her feeling of hatred for the man who had been the first cause of her degradation is the earliest symptom within her of an awakening conscience. The novelist's art is shown in making the woman a sort of enigma, and involving in mystery the transformation which takes place within her soul. Can the girl who was once Katucha continue obdurately to hate her first love, unmoved by the spectacle of his repentance and self-devotion? Only at the last, when she refuses to accept an all but impossible sacrifice, does her sublime renunciation reveal the fact that her hate had been but another form of love,—and that the

only true love of the unfortunate creature's life.

But as we reach the end of this mystical Calvary we are irresistibly reminded of two other lovers whose very similar story was told us long ago in a far simpler fashion. Des Grieux joins the company of archers who are escorting to Havre de Grâce the cart where the girls who have been sentenced to transportation sit huddled together on a few armfuls of straw; and among them he recognizes his dear mistress of bygone days. But in what a condition! "Her linen was torn and soiled, her once delicate hands were roughened by exposure. The whole charming personality which had once commanded the worship of the world was there, but reduced to an unspeakable state of dejection and demoralization." But when he had sworn to her that he would never leave her, that he would follow her and make her fate his own, "the poor child burst out into such a passion of love and grief that I almost feared for her life." They go to America, and, "insensibly through an intercourse ever calm and serious, they learn to appreciate the beauty of a virtuous love." This was how they said things in France in those old days when literature consisted in the simple expression of clear ideas. Since then romanticism has been with us and sanctified the courtesan. It then emigrated to Russia, became imbued with mysticism and dissolved in pity, and fortified itself by theories on the excellence of suffering and the virtue of expiation. It required all this infinite elaboration to produce a character like Maslova.

Can it be said, then, that Tolstol, great artist though he be, has actually won the extraordinary wager which he once undertook to lay? Has he not rather confessed by implication that it ~~could~~ not be won, since he has recoiled from the logical dénouement of his

story, which would have been the marriage of Nekhludov and Maslova? The truth is, that sins differ both in character and degree. There are those which can be expiated by repentance, though not effaced from the memory. On the other hand, there are stains so deep and durable, involving so complete a vitiation of the entire being, that all the waters of the sea would not wash them out. Of this latter kind was the defilement of Maslova. Jesus pardoned the Magdalene; but Jesus was God, and we are but men, and poor men at that. Jesus also invited the Magdalene to follow Him, which is by no means the same thing as restoring her to a place in an organized society. No society can exist without the frame-work that holds it up; and this is what Nekhludov, absorbed as he is in his humanitarian dreams, too readily forgets. Those whose chains he so rashly proposes to break understand the truth dimly, though they understand it better than he, and they warn him beforehand that he will fail.

"I am a prostitute," Maslova says to him, "and you are a prince," thus reminding him that there will always be a gulf between them, let him do what he will. The peasants among whom he proposes to divide his lands all have an impression that in thus acting he is merely doing his duty in the station to which he has been called. More selfishly, but not altogether unreasonably, speaks the governor of the prison:—"You really must not go nosing about everywhere in this way! It is not, if you'll excuse my saying so, your business!" And when we hear another official observe, "I have duties to perform which have been entrusted to me on definite conditions, and I must justify the confidence reposed in me," we are constrained to admit that even though an official, he speaks the language of a man of honor. In his pursuit of an

ideal of absolute justice, Nekhludov overlooks one of the main conditions of the problem: namely, that he himself is but one part in a whole, and that he cannot act independently of the universal order. Born at a certain epoch in the development of humanity, he has obligations to those who came before him, and whose cumulative efforts have made him what he is. They cannot, of course, relieve him of the higher obligation to soften the lot of the disinherited, and to diminish, as far as in him lies, the sum of human suffering; but in assuring him his place in the world they have also given him a mission which he cannot disallow.

Tolstol himself has somewhere told the story of a certain episode in his own life where his logic failed and left him in the lurch. Passing through one of the gates of Moscow, he saw a grenadier come down from the Kremlin, and brutally drive away a beggar seated under the arch:—

"I waylaid the soldier, and asked him if he knew how to read.

"Of course I do. Why?"

"Did you ever read the Gospels?"

"I have."

"Did you ever read the passage about feeding the hungry?"

The Revue des Deux Mondes.

"I then quoted the text, with which he seemed familiar, and he also seemed troubled and at a loss for a reply. At last, however, a gleam of intelligence came into his eyes, and he turned upon me, saying:

"Did you ever read the military regulations?"

"I had to acknowledge that I had never done so.

"Then don't say another word," said the grenadier; and he walked away, shaking his head violently."

It is the same with us. We read the Bible, but we neglect to complete our information by reading the military regulations. Until the day when their authority is abolished, certain elementary propositions will remain unanswerable. The judge who goes forth to breathe the balmy air of a fine spring morning, instead of fulfilling his duty by administering the law, the warden who opens the prison doors on the pretext that he cannot deprive a human creature of its freedom, and, in fine, whoever, soldier or citizen, deserts his post, whether in the army or in life, is a defaulter—and no fine words can alter the fact.

René Doumic.

LADYSMITH AFTER THE SIEGE.

"Hope deferred maketh the heart sick." If this was true for those who endured the hardships of the siege of Ladysmith, it was no less true for those who, from outside, watched with alternations of renewed assurance and bitter disappointment the repeated attempts of the gallant force under Sir Redvers Buller to penetrate the screen of invisible foes which divided them from their goal. At Pietermaritzburg

the tension was extreme. Ladysmith is no further from Maritzburg than Southampton from London, and the ties that bind them together are much closer; for, in 'so small a community, everybody knows something about everybody else. A large portion, possibly one-third, of the manhood of Natal was at the front, in the Natal Volunteers or in the Colonial Irregular Corps. Many of these were in Lady-

smith, the rest with the relieving force. There was hardly a family in the Colony which had not the direct interest of the life or liberty of a son, a brother, or a father at stake.

Maritzburg had received a large accession to the number of its inhabitants. Refugees, who had been driven from their homes in the northern part of the Colony, had found a haven there. A number of ladies—officers' wives who had been living with their husbands at Ladysmith before the war—had been compelled to leave, almost at an hour's notice, just before the investment began. Many of them had remained at Maritzburg, hoping to rejoin their husbands after a brief interval. The brief interval grew into weeks and months, and still relief seemed so close at hand that it was not worth while moving. Communication was possible, but very uncertain. Letters were despatched by native runners, and arrived—sometimes. When the weather was sunny, and the press of military work not too great, a brief message could be sent by the heliograph. Such communication was sometimes worse than none at all. A curt undated heliogram came to tell a wife that her husband was dangerously ill. She could do nothing; she could not go to him, or send him anything. She did not even know the nature of his illness. She could only wait till the next gleam of sun should bring more news—better, or the worst. It was torture to be so near and yet so helpless; and they were most wise, as well as most helpful, who gave their time and energies not to brooding over their own sorrows, but to visiting the hospitals, relieving impoverished refugees, or making a comfortable home for convalescents.

The days and the weeks passed. Colenso, Spion Kop, Vaalkranz, each sent its flood-tide of wounded officers and men to fill the hospitals at Mool River and Maritzburg, and the hospital ships

at Durban. The ambulance wagons were a daily sight, waiting at the station for the arrival of the hospital train, or galloping through the streets with their team of eight mules. The weeks and the months passed, and the question began to be asked: How much longer could Ladysmith hold out? Had they food? Had they ammunition? Would dysentery and enteric leave enough men to man the defences? Sir George White, *splendide mendax*, allowed none but the most cheerful accounts to reach the outside world, and, though it was impossible not to suspect an intention to discourage the enemy, it was not till after the relief that we knew to what straits they had been reduced. The casualty list had reported a grievous tale of deaths from sickness, but the garrison had carefully and courageously concealed the weakness of the survivors. It is probable that the Boers, good as their information generally was, were deceived on this point. At any rate, no pains were spared to mislead them. After the Boer attack of January 6th on Caesar's Camp and Waggon Hill an officer of the Imperial Light Horse was sent with a flag of truce to deliver their dead to the Boers. He was a fine, strong man, who showed no signs of the privations of the siege. It so happened that the Boer officer who met him had known him well at Johannesburg, and naturally they conversed. "How is it," said the Boer, "that you are as fat as a pig? We have been told that you are all starving in Ladysmith." "Starving," said the officer, "why, we are rolling in plenty. This is what most of our men are like," and he called up one of his men who had not yet lost an abnormal degree of corpulence, and exhibited him for the edification of the astonished Transvaaler.

At last the relief came. Kimberley and Paardeberg had prepared the way,

but there was little expectation of immediate good news from Ladysmith. At nine o'clock in the morning on St. David's day cheers were heard from the printers of one of the newspaper offices, and the news spread like wildfire. Maritzburg, usually calm and undemonstrative, was wild with joy. Flags fluttered on every house. Crowds marched up and down cheering and singing "God Save the Queen." The Governor emerged from the seclusion of Government House, and, with his Ministers, addressed the crowd from the Legislative Assembly. Girls' schools paraded the streets waving Union Jacks. Some enterprising tradesman had prepared ribbons with the inscription "Relief of Ladysmith," in gold letters, and before the day was out every straw hat in the town was decked with one of these. Bicycles and rickshaws, whites, Kaffirs and Indians, horses, dogs and cats, all were decked with red, white and blue. Two little boys had harnessed a Newfoundland dog, clothed in Union Jacks, in a toy cart, and drove him up and down the road. Some excited patriots spread the *Vierkleur* flag of the Transvaal on the ground and trampled on it, but better feelings condemned this superfluous insult. Shops and banks closed at once; Natal is always ready for a holiday. In this case it got two, for the day on which the news was received was made a holiday by general consent, and the next day was formally proclaimed so by the Governor.

Every one was anxious to visit Ladysmith as soon as the way was open, and the military authorities gave passes with a sparing hand, lest the throng of new arrivals should increase the difficulties of revictualling the starving town. Lord Dundonald and his cavalry entered Ladysmith on Wednesday morning, February 28th. Sir Redvers Buller and the first of the infantry entered on Thursday. During Saturday and Sunday several of the besieged,

and some who had visited the town since its relief, began to arrive at Maritzburg, bringing very gloomy accounts of the state of affairs there. It was a "city of the dead." There was no movement in the streets, no life or enthusiasm in the half-starved garrison. Men by the roadside were so exhausted and listless that they hardly raised their heads to look at the troops entering the town. They were pale and bloodless from want of food, sun and exercise. The contrast between them and the relieving force was striking. Buller's soldiers had had hard work, exposure and terribly severe fighting, but they had been well supplied with good food. They were robust, full-blooded, mud-stained, sun-baked, ragged. The weak had fallen sick, the wounded had been sent to the base. Those who remained were strong, confident, war-hardened, an exact opposite to the pale and listless spectres of Ladysmith.

This was the impression produced on those who first entered Ladysmith. It was, perhaps, not exaggerated; but a very few days sufficed to bring about a considerable change. I arrived there on the morning of Tuesday, March 5th—five days after Sir Redvers Buller's entry. There was then plenty of movement in the streets; wagons and carts, relieved and relievers, horsemen and men on foot, were passing in every direction. There were many thin and haggard faces to be seen, from which the worn and anxious look had not yet vanished; but the prevailing tone was cheerful. A few days of good food will work wonders for half-starved men. They had learnt to walk about the streets in daylight, and on a weekday, without the ever-present apprehension of a possible shell, and without the thought in the back of their minds of what would happen when the provisions were at an end.

The journey to Ladysmith was full

of interest. Dawn had broken as we approached Frere, and, steaming slowly over the improvised timber bridge, we could see dimly the futile tracery of the fallen girders. A little farther on the discredited armored train reposed peacefully in a siding. At Chlevey the station was full of men in dirty khaki or shirt-sleeves, crowding to buy the Maritzburg papers. On the platform lay the shattered remains of the station safe. At Colenso, the terminus for the time being, there was plenty of movement. The Governor, Sir Walter Hely-Hutchinson, had arrived by special train half an hour before, and was breakfasting in a tent in preparation for the ride to Ladysmith. Laden wagons were standing ready for despatch, with bales labelled "Lady White's present—Jerseys." The station buildings had suffered severely from shells, and when the place was reoccupied a dead horse was found in the Parcels Office; but rapid repairs had been effected, and little sign of injury remained. It was otherwise with the bridges. One span of the road bridge had been blown up, and one end of the displaced girder was still supported on the pier, while the other rested in the bed of the river. It had been replaced by a temporary structure of timber, strong enough to carry wagon traffic. The railway bridge, the best part of a mile lower down the river, had been more thoroughly smashed. The piers still stood, but all five girders had completely fallen. Preparations for a temporary bridge on piles were visible, but they had not advanced far. A foot bridge, near the level of the river, was ready for use by the following Thursday.

After crossing the road-bridge, I turned to the right, to follow the line of the railway to Pieters and Nelthrope, in the direction, speaking generally, of Sir Redvers Buller's final advance; and at once I found myself among the low,

bare, stony kopjes, which gave its strength to the Boer position in face of Colenso. Along the crest of each little hill was a trench, with its breast-work of heaped-up earth and stones, the larger stones being often so arranged as to leave loopholes. On the reverse slopes of the hills were countless shelter-huts, half burrowed under the ground, half walled with piled stones, generally roofed with corrugated iron. Some small detachments of British troops were in occupation, and had made themselves comfortable in the deserted huts. The whole face of the country bore the marks of all this scratching and digging and burrowing, as though some prehistoric race of underground dwellers had taken up their abode there. What struck the eye most was not trenches or shelters, but the mess. Every where the hillsides were strewn with empty tins—biscuit tins, beef-tins, tins of every description. Enormous biscuit-tins were the most conspicuous. Their white metal shone and glistened in the sun, and for miles dotted the red-brown rocky slopes with specks of light. For six or eight miles from Colenso the litter was unending. There were bottles, straw, paper, cart-ridge-wrappings, broken wagons or carts, occasionally dead bullocks and horses, painfully evident to more senses than one. Here and there was a deserted Kaffir hut. A platelayer's cottage, with its tiny garden nestling in a little clump of trees, had, by some happy accident, escaped uninjured in the desolating flood of war. On the other hand, a small farmhouse, a mile from Pieters Station, was a complete wreck. Windows and furniture were smashed, and doors broken open; rotting saddles, locks of doors, fragments of furniture and the inevitable empty tin cans strewed the ground on every side.

Besides the all-pervading litter, there were more definite traces of the fight-

ing that had taken place. Two of the railway bridges, over small spruits, still had their walls of sand-bags, showing where the men, on their way to storm the hill on the left of the Boer position, had to run the gauntlet of rifle fire from the heights behind. As I approached Pieters, riding over the hill on the west of the railway, the ground was marked here and there with the scars of bursting shells, and fragments of the shells themselves were to be seen in many places. Saddest signs of all were the little stone enclosures which marked the graves of those who had fallen. At the head of each grave stood, generally, a wooden cross, made from the wood of a cartridge-box, in one case still bearing the label, "Lee-Metford, 303." The names of those who rested beneath were written on the cross, or the letters were formed by empty cartridge-cases stuck into the ground, base upwards. Sometimes the dead man's helmet was placed upon his grave.

For the first few miles from Colenso there were scattered detachments of British troops. After that, until I came almost within sight of Ladysmith, the country was absolutely deserted. Except for one or two stray Kaffirs and a construction-train puffing out from Ladysmith with gangs of workmen to repair the line, I hardly saw a living creature. It was difficult to believe that 40,000 men had passed a day or two before.

At Pieters the railway has emerged from the labyrinth of hills which barred for so long the passage of our troops, and runs for some miles along the left side of a great amphitheatre of level ground. At Nelthrope the hills close in again, and the line keeps very near the right bank of the Klip River, until more open ground is reached at Intombi. As I rode along the path beside the railway my attention was attracted by pits and diggings in the

sand of the river bank. Evidently sand-bags in great numbers had been filled here; for full bags were lying piled beside the railway line, and half-filled or empty bags lay by the diggings. A little farther on was a large encampment of huts, constructed of branches and sacking or other rags. The huts had evidently been inhabited very recently, probably by natives, but they were entirely deserted now. For half a mile or more along the river bank the workings continued; I was puzzled to conjecture their object. The Boers had not, so far as I was aware, used sand-bags for their fortifications; and the British had had no opportunity of working here. But the explanation was apparent when I reached the narrowest part of the valley and saw the remains of the great dam which the Boers had endeavored to construct. At this point the river bed lies between steep banks, perhaps some seventy yards apart, rising to a height of fifteen or twenty feet above the ordinary water level. From the top of these banks the hills on either hand rise in a steep slope, interrupted on the western side by the cutting which gives a passage for the railway. Across the river bed the Boers had, with infinite labor, constructed a barrier of sand-bags. A wooden tunnel, with a sluice, provided a passage for the water of the river.

The base of the dam was of considerable breadth, and a line of rails had been run on to it to carry down sand-bags from the railway. On the upper side of the dam a wall of sand-bags had been built up much higher than the rest, probably as a protection from shell-fire, and had reached a height of some fifteen feet above the water. The western half of the dam was intact; but towards the eastern bank of the river a breach had been made, probably by the heavy rain storms which fell a few days before Ladysmith was

relieved. The number of bags already placed in position was enormous. To complete the dam to an effective height it would have been "staggering." That great importance was attached to the undertaking was evident from the amount of time, labor and money expended upon it. The dam was visible from Caesar's Camp, and our guns there were able to shell it at a range of 4,000 yards, but even under this fire the work was continued with unabated vigor, and the heavy artillery from Umbulwana always paid special attention to the Caesar's Camp guns when they were turned in this direction.

Various theories were propounded as to the object of these gigantic labors. The favorite view was that it was an attempt to submerge Ladysmith; but this can hardly have been possible. The river level at Ladysmith is said to be forty-five feet above the level at the dam, and the banks there are high, perhaps twenty feet. To flood any part of Ladysmith itself it would have been necessary to build a dam at least sixty-five feet high; and, though I am no engineer, I venture to express a doubt whether it would be possible to build a stable dam of that height with sand-bags, unless it were on a base of enormous breadth. It is possible that the Boers intended, not to drown Ladysmith, but to flood the caves in the river banks in which many of the inhabitants took shelter. This, though a less formidable undertaking than flooding Ladysmith, would still require a dam of most portentous dimensions. Neither of these objects could be attained without first overwhelming the neutral hospital camp at Intombi; but this possibly might suggest itself to the originators of the scheme as a recommendation rather than as an objection.

Another theory was that the Boers intended to take a leaf out of the history of the Israelites. It might be to their advantage to regulate the depth

of water at the drifts of the Klip River, and of the Tugela below the point where the Klip River joins it. The dam would enable them to do this. If they wished to cross themselves, they would be able to hold back the water; if the enemy wished to cross, they could let it down in full flood. As a matter of fact, there was no fighting at any point where this power of regulation would have been useful; but that could not be foreseen.

A fourth, and more cynical view, represented it as a contractor's swindle on a large scale; alleging that whatever might have been the object held out to the simple-minded and unsuspecting Boer, the real object was to put money into the pocket of a contractor who had no intention of completing the work, or, indeed, of making it serve any purpose except his own.

After passing the dam the path lay along the railway line itself. It was often obstructed by the broken telegraph wires. Parties were at work repairing them, and communication had already been restored; but for some days after the relief there was delay in the transmission of private messages, owing to the great pressure of work. It was not long before the tents of the Intombi Camp came in sight. On the right frowned the steep escarpments of Bulwana, on the sky-line of which it was just possible to see the outline of the emplacements for the big guns. On the left rose Caesar's Camp and Waggon Hill, their lower slopes clothed with scrub, and beyond and behind the camp could be seen Ladysmith itself, the Convent Ridge, and some of the houses on the highest ground. The camp occupies a considerable space of bare, level ground between the railway and the Klip River, a site selected by General Joubert and accepted by Sir G. White for the neutral station which they agreed to establish for the reception of any non-

combatants from Ladysmith who might wish to find safety there, and for the sick and wounded. It was useful, but it was depressing in the extreme; and those who were so unfortunate as to be condemned to spend weeks or months there blessed the day of their deliverance with a fervor which can be imagined but not described. Enteric and dysentery had filled the camp to overflowing. More than 2,000 sick had been there at one time. For the devoted and overtaxed staff of nurses it was a physical impossibility to do all that was necessary. Some of them succumbed. The medical comforts ran short. Horse-tea—"Chevril," they called it—took the place of beef-tea; puddings made from starch or violet powder had to represent rice and arrowroot. Even interest in their surroundings was forbidden to the unfortunate inmates. They had to give up their field-glasses on entering the camp lest the neutral ground should be made a point of observation.

There can be little wonder that, under these conditions, the deaths were terribly numerous, and that convalescence, if it came, advanced with a slow step. The first convoy that entered the town after the relief brought ample supplies of food, medical comforts and drugs for Intombi, and when I was there nothing was wanting in this respect; but the general air of gloom and depression still remained. It would hardly be extravagant to apply to it the description of a still more ghastly region. There

*Pallentes habitant morbi . . .
... et malesuada fames ac turpis
egestas,
Terribiles visu formæ, letumque labos-
que,
... mortiferumque adverso in lim-
ine bellum.*

It was with a breath of relief that I turned my back on Intombi. The three remaining miles were soon covered,

and, crossing the Klip River by the "drift," I entered Ladysmith with the feelings of Childe Roland when he approached the Dark Tower. And yet it is commonplace enough; certainly not "without a counterpart in the whole world." There are two main streets, parallel to one another, and minor streets at right angles to them. There is a Town Hall, an open Market Place, and due provision of places of worship. The houses are small, seldom of more than one story; and each stands in its own little garden. Trees are plentiful, and the roads wide. In all this it imitates Maritzburg, which, in general plan and appearance, might have been used as a pattern for the newer and smaller town. We have heard much of the exceptionally bad situation of Ladysmith from a military point of view; but in this, too, it follows the capital at a respectful distance, for Maritzburg lies equally in a basin, and is commanded by higher hills at a shorter range.

The visible effects of the bombardment were surprisingly slight. The Town Hall had afforded a conspicuous target, and one side of the clock tower had been shot away; but in this case, as in most others, the damage visible on the outside of the building gave no measure of the destruction within. A hundred pound shell, if it descends upon a corrugated iron roof, punches a neat round hole which you would hardly notice unless rain called your attention to it. Once safely inside it bursts, and if it does not blow out the side of the room, it makes most effectual hay of the contents. This is one reason why the effects of almost daily bombardment for four months are apparently so insignificant. Another reason is that the houses are not close together. Compared with an English town, or even with an English village, the space occupied by gardens, roads and open

ground is very great, and that covered by houses relatively small. Hence a large proportion of the shells pitched upon vacant ground, and exploded harmlessly, or buried themselves in the earth. One corner was pointed out to me as a very favorite resort of the shells. Apparently they were aimed at the balloon, which attempted, with indifferent success, to conceal itself in a hollow. A large number had fallen on this plot of ground—half an acre, perhaps, in extent—but a house which stood at one corner of it was untouched except by a single fragment of a burst shell which had pierced the roofing of the veranda.

Bomb-proof shelters were, of course, built or excavated, but these were naturally not conspicuous. There were many of them in the river bank, where they were easily constructed. At the Gordon's Camp an Indian was permanently on the watch with his eye glued to a telescope. Long Tom was fired with black powder, and when the watchman saw the puff of smoke, which showed that the gun had been discharged, he called out, in a high, drawing voice, "Bulwa-a-ana La-ang T-a-a-a-m." Twenty-three seconds elapsed between the firing of the shot and arrival of the shell, and this gave plenty of time for every one within hearing to reach shelter. The Indian, with the composure of his race, sat unmoved at his lookout, and was never hit. Elsewhere a bugle call was the danger signal. At one cavalry camp, I was told, the horses got to know this bugle quite well, and when the call sent the men running to shelter the horses would show their uneasiness by stamping on the ground and tossing their heads. As a rule, both horses and cattle were very little harmed by shell-fire. Herds of oxen and troops of horses and mules used to be sent to graze wherever grass could be found within the circuit of our defences. The Boers

often shelled them without much effect. If a shell burst near the horses, they would trot twenty yards with tails and ears up, sniff the air for a moment, and then go on grazing. The oxen, on the other hand, took no notice whatever.

My time in Ladysmith was so brief that I could not visit the line of defences; still less the Boer positions. From the Convent Ridge it was possible to see almost the whole of the circuit held by the defending troops, and to realize its enormous extent. It was fifteen miles round. The whole perimeter was not occupied by continuous entrenchments. For instance, the open plain on both sides of the Klip River between Caesar's Camp and the Helpmakaar Post was hardly defended by any forts or entrenchments. The open nature of the ground, and the fact that it was entirely commanded from the neighboring positions, rendered this unnecessary. But, even so, the whole available force of infantry was not more than enough to hold the defences; and the only reserve which could be sent to reinforce any threatened point was the cavalry, which, as cavalry, had almost ceased to exist. The horses were in more miserable plight than the men. I shall never forget the pitiable appearance of a string of cavalry horses coming back from watering. They were living skeletons; and, after seeing them, I was quite able to believe the story that was told of the "flying column" sent out from Ladysmith to follow up the retreating Boers. The order was given to trot. They trotted for ten minutes and nine horses died. After that the column ceased to attempt to fly.

In the mess at which I was hospitably entertained there were seven officers. Five of them had been in Ladysmith during the siege, and all those five had been wounded since the beginning of the war. The conversation

turned naturally upon the siege, and its incidents and privations. The general opinion seemed to be that mule was better than horse, and that both were better than trek ox. The absence of vegetables and fruit had been severely felt, and it was an agreeable novelty to me to see the enthusiasm evoked by boiled potatoes. Had the length of the siege been foreseen at the beginning, it would have been possible to grow vegetables; but no one had expected to be shut up for four months. When Captain Lambton told his sailors in October to prepare to eat their Christmas dinners in Ladysmith, he was laughed to scorn. Tobacco, too, had been a great deprivation. Some enterprising persons had tried smoking tea, but it was not a success. For the last week of the siege the daily ration had been reduced to one and a quarter biscuits and a quarter of a pound of meat. The biscuits were, as a rule, good, except that sometimes they were made from sour meal, and then they produced disorders of the bowels. There were very few of those who had been through the siege who did not show signs of emaciation. The Imperial Light Horse were in better case than most others, and prided themselves on being so. Their post had been an outlying one, and they had foraged for themselves at night with skill and enterprise.

During the siege there had been an almost entire absence of outside news. In the earlier days of Buller's advance the movements of the relieving force were heliographed into the town, and published in orders. When the day of reverses came, nothing was said, with the natural result that rumor created disasters far worse than anything that had actually happened. The strangest stories were repeated and believed, not only about the course of the war; for instance, that Russia was at war with Japan. I cannot give a better idea of the isolation of the garrison than by

quoting a question asked me by a distinguished officer some weeks after the relief: "What is this that I see so many allusions to in the papers; something about an Absent-minded Beggar?"

There would be much to say of the graver aspect of the siege—of heroic courage and patient endurance, of self-sacrifice and devotion to duty at the cost of health or of life. Something there would be, too, of traitors and malcontents in the camp, of lights flashing by night, and mischievous tongues discouraging the waverers. Strange and dramatic incidents were not wanting, as when Steevens's midnight funeral procession was followed to the burial place by the relentless eye of the Boer searchlight, or when Colonel Hamilton, in the fight of January 6th, fired his revolver at the Boer General at fifteen yards' distance. But to begin upon these matters would take me too far.

I slept one night at Ladysmith, and in the afternoon of the following day I rode back to Colenso. This time I took the longer and easier road by Onderbroek, and found there no trace of the solitude which prevailed at Pieters. The red dust that lay thick upon the road was seldom at rest. Ambulances and empty wagons were rumbling slowly down to Colenso. The Natal Carbineers, with horses and men fine-drawn but hard, were setting out on their way to Highlands to rest and recruit. I passed on the road a battery, some detachments of cavalry, and an infantry regiment trudging through the dust towards Ladysmith; another regiment was bivouacking for the night on a bit of level ground below the road, and the thin, blue smoke was already rising from the camp fires. The intervals were filled by endless strings of bullock wagons. At the steep hill that leads down to the level ground near Colenso some accident had caused a block, and the wagons were standing

still in continuous line for half a mile or more.

The sun had almost set as I drew near the river, and purple thunder-clouds hung heavy over the Drakensberg. From beneath their torn and angry masses shafts of light, blood-red and lurid, darted over the embattled

crag. But above and beyond these symbols of strife lay infinite depths of quiet sky, shaded from palest azure to ethereal green, holding out, as it seemed to me, a fair promise of the future, when the storm and suffering of the present should have passed away.

H. Babington Smith.

The National Review.

THE MOOR LOCH.

Among the lonely hills it lies,
 Deep, dark, and still;
 And mirrors back the changeful skies,
 The sun, moon, stars, the bird that flies,
 The broad, brown-shouldered hill.

The world's wide voice is silent here;
 The cries of men,
 The sob, the laugh, the hope, the fear,
 The things which make earth sad and dear,
 Lie all beneath its ken.

And only he who comes from far,
 Seeking the deep
 Communion sweet with sun and star,
 Knows of the calm and joy that are
 In its vast stirless sleep.

For here the eternal soul holds speech,
 Yet makes no sound;
 With naught but clouds which one might reach,
 The black flood, the untrodden beach,
 And hearkening space, around.

Time and the things of Time are not;
 The path we trod
 Ends with the world's end here, and thought
 Can neither see nor dream of aught
 Save man's own heart and God.

Chambers's Journal.

Robert Bain.

THE FOURTEEN HELPERS IN TIME OF TROUBLE.*

BY HEINRICH RHIEL.

III.

The next morning Konrad awakened in the Castle Haltenberg after a sound sleep. It was already nine o'clock, and the August sun was shining in upon his pillow. As soon as he could recollect where he was and how he came to be there, he sprang out of bed in high spirits. It was too comically absurd to think how the Baron had carried him off, together with all his belongings, in order to make himself absolutely certain of having his pictures on the appointed day.

He began dressing hastily, stopping, however, between nearly every article of clothing to examine with curiosity some part of the room or furniture. He had taken but little notice of his surroundings the night before, and his eager, impulsive temperament unfitted him for any methodical occupation, even that of dressing. He hastened to the window in his stocking feet, to have a look at the landscape. A high wall shamefully near cut off the horizon. Behind that, however, there was a glimpse of a distant mountain top covered with trees. That must be climbed in a day or two! But, in the first place, he would become acquainted with the Baron and his family. He would like to be on an intimate footing with him, especially with the ladies; for, in all probability, there is a daughter, young and beautiful, whom the father keeps jealously secluded in this great, mediæval castle. If getting to be established, indoors and out, should take a couple of weeks, he could well afford the time.

St. Leonard's Day not coming until November, there would still be two

good months left for the bothersome painting.

In the midst of these rose-colored day-dreams Konrad had nearly completed his toilette. He drew on his jerkin and went into the adjoining hall, which was evidently to be his future studio.

But what a wonderful looking place this great room was! An enormous stove, with wide overhanging chimney, stood against the wall; near it a smaller, peculiarly shaped oven, crowded with crucibles, pots and pans. There were dozens of earthen jars, a table piled up with bottles, and curiously shaped pottery all cracked and broken, and covered with dust an inch thick.

His own artistic belongings had been laid down in the midst of this bewildering confusion. At a loss to understand this singular collection, he was drawing on his shoes, meaning to have a look at the room beyond, when the Baron entered, followed by the old gate-keeper, carrying a tray loaded with a generous breakfast.

They wished each other a courteous good morning, and Konrad hastened to thank his host for establishing him in such picturesque quarters. This fantastic apartment just suited the taste of an artist! Quentin Matsys himself could hardly have desired more original decorations. He was strongly tempted to make a picture of it at once as an ideal workshop of the olden time. But would his gracious host kindly tell him what this great fireplace and all its peculiar utensils really meant?

Grim and slowly answered the Baron von Haltenberg; "My father had this

*Translated for *The Living Age* by Florence Kate.

hall built and fitted up for the use of an old alchemist, to whom he gave large sums of money upon the solemnly sworn oath that every gulden of it should be returned to him a hundredfold in solid pieces of gold. Said pieces to be obtained by certain mysterious, infallible experiments to be undertaken immediately, but in profound secrecy. The skilful and erudite alchemist, however, disappeared soon after with the entire sum, leaving nothing behind him but this mass of rubbish and a pile of charred papers. Thereupon my father had all the windows strongly barred with iron, as you see; the doors fitted with heavy locks and bolts—examine them yourself—and cross bars placed in the chimney up to the very top—bend your head a little and count them; escape by the roof in that way is quite out of the question. My father hoped to get the lying money-colner back again, or perhaps a better man in his place, and then all chance of running away from what he had undertaken would have been beyond his power. As it happened, the rascally alchemist never did return, owing to his having been hanged, meanwhile, in Esslingen. But my foreseeing father did not take all these precautions in vain. For now, you are here, and here you are to stay, safely under lock and key, until *The Fourteen Helpers in Time of Trouble* are duly finished, according to agreement. Until that time you will not see me again, nor any other person, excepting my faithful gate-keeper here, who will be your turnkey and attendant. His face will not disturb you, for you have already painted it. Good morning, young man, and I wish you good appetite for your breakfast."

In vain Konrad shrieked after him, first through the key-hole and then from the windows:

"Open the door, open it this very minute; I will not submit to this outrage."

I am an honorable resident of the Imperial City; my townspeople will set me free and avenge this insult. I am a member of the Artists' Guild; my comrades will appeal to the Emperor."

All in vain; no one heard him, excepting a family of sparrows in the garden, who flew hastily away, frightened out of their wits.

IV.

Konrad's first, emphatic resolution was, that he would never touch a paint-brush again, never, not even should he live to be as old as Methuselah. The next, that he would use all his strength and skill in escaping from this place, or, failing that, in devising means of letting his friends know his unhappy condition, so that they might release him. But every effort and every plan was a failure. The rooms were large and airy, not at all prison-like, but the bolts and bars were so strongly riveted that the most adroit alchemist (familiar, of course, with all burglarious tricks) could not have broken through them—how much less likely, then, that a poor, innocent artist would succeed.

The gate-keeper brought him delicious repasts and the best of wine, and waited upon him in all things punctiliously. But no attempt at conversation could get a word out of the surly bulldog; and all the time he was in the room an unseen hand held the door firmly closed on the outside.

The apartments were in an out-of-the-way part of the house (naturally enough, considering for what purpose they had been built). The windows overlooked a small neglected garden, enclosed by the high stone wall, and there was no sign of a living creature to be seen.

After Konrad had done absolutely nothing for eight days (excepting, of course, to rail at the Baron at the

top of his voice, and shake the window bars, one after the other, without moving them a hair's breadth) he tired of the monotony of his life, and longed for a little change and recreation.

Weary even of his solemn determination of giving up painting, he at last looked over his brushes, and, with malicious enjoyment, selecting the very poorest of them, said:

"Well and good. Since the Baron von Haltenberg descends to such contemptible means of forcing me to work, he shall have his work done in the same contemptible manner. He knows well enough how I paint, as a free man. Let me show him what I can do under lock and key."

Notwithstanding his ill-humor, Konrad was soon deeply interested in painting at the top of his speed. Without resting, he dashed in the entire company of the sainted Helpers in a day or two.

They were done after the fashion of gingerbread cookies, and touched up with spots of red and yellow, like lead soldiers in a Christmas box. He was delighted with the ludicrous caricatures when finished, and sent them forthwith to the Baron, with the message that "If he wanted his pictures—there he had them—all fourteen, and would he now, as in honor bound, have the door unlocked and let him go free at once."

But, in a very short time, the gatekeeper brought back the whole collection of saints, with the notification that "If the painter were in need of more turpentine or pumice stone to rub out his work again, a man on horseback should be sent, post haste, to the city for a full supply."

Too angry for words, Konrad set up the pictures in a row before him, and gradually his indignation cooled down by the hearty laugh he had over them. Suddenly they struck him as not so bad, after all. Had he not, without

intending it, made capital burlesques of the prosaic handiwork of one or two well-known and well-patronized court painters? A few characteristic touches here and there were still wanting, and he began putting them in with genuine satisfaction, when a new and startling thought occurred to him. To mock and jeer at the Baron was well enough—he deserved it—but to turn the sacred Helpers themselves into ridicule—was he justified in that? Would any one of the old masters have ventured upon that? At first he had certainly painted the sainted martyrs to the best of his ability, but, should he turn them into derision now, might they not be resentful and have it in their power to punish him? They had freed the Baron von Haltenberg when he was captive in Tunis; what if now they should be angry with him, and keep him locked up here till doomsday?

Contrite and apprehensive, poor Konrad buried his face in his hands, more miserable than ever. "But if he had done amiss, he would certainly atone for it," and, looking up with this new resolve, how perfectly astonished he was! On the other side of the window, just opposite where he was sitting at his easel, hung a little oval mirror, and in that, clear and distinct, he saw the image of his vanished St. Catharine, not the one he had painted and afterwards rubbed out, but the far more beautiful face he had so vainly tried to fix upon canvass—A vision! And did the Saint come to aid, or to reproach him? For a moment the wondering artist really thought he beheld a spiritual apparition. But this lovely face was full of joyous, earthly life, and Konrad was no master of the old school carried away by dreams and visions, so that he quickly collected his wits and went on with his work, keeping, however, a keen watch upon the mirror. And so doing, the mystery was readily solved.

According to the laws of perspective, the original of the vision must be standing behind him outside the window, evidently overlooking his work at the easel.

Already, yesterday, when waking from one of his afternoon naps, he had thought for a moment there was a figure gliding across the garden. But as he had been dreaming of the beautiful unknown, he supposed this fancy was but the continuation of his dream. But he was wide awake now, and what had he better do? In case of imprisonment, the ordinary rules of polite intercourse with ladies must sometimes be set aside.

He sprang up suddenly from his seat, and hastily grasped a small hand which rested on the window-sill, and held its owner fast. Terribly frightened, she suppressed the first impulse to scream, but struggled hard to be free. The painter, however, had already secured the other hand, and held both firmly clasped in his. The young woman knew that she was on forbidden ground, and that her safety depended upon her not being discovered, so she dared not call for help.

Konrad, however, with the greatest courtesy and friendliness, said:

"Pardon me, noble lady, but I cannot let you go until I have the pleasure of talking with you a little. For weeks and weeks I have not spoken to a soul, nor heard the sound of a human voice. And now that I have the chance of doing so I must avail myself of it. I long to hear the music of a woman's voice, and especially yours."

But the maiden could not cease lamenting the curiosity which had brought her into this trouble. She had heard a rumor that there was another money-coiner shut up here, and she was dying to see for herself how he was going to make the gold. She knew she had done wrong; her father had strictly forbidden any one's coming

into the garden, and—oh, would he not please let her go. She saw well enough that he was no money-coiner, only the friendly house and sign painter, who had lately shown them the way to St. Catharine's convent.

At the word "house and sign painter" Konrad was so indignantly surprised that he let go one of her hands, taking care, however, to hold the other all the tighter.

"I am no common workman," he exclaimed, throwing his head up proudly, "I am an artist—pupil of the great Christopher Amberger, who was himself pupil of the world-famous Hans Holbein, so that my art comes down, in line direct, and but twice removed, from the greatest of Dutch masters."

"But methinks the grandchildren do not always strikingly resemble the grandparents," said the maiden, pointing with her disengaged hand to the ludicrous figures on the easel. He glanced angrily around at the pictures, and, pushing his foot against the easel, sent them all tumbling on the floor, where they lay, mostly face downwards.

"You mistake me, mistake me entirely," he cried, indignantly, "only out of revenge and anger have I painted such miserable things as these. Only because I have been shamefully put here in prison and made to work, whether I wish to or not. The proprietor of this castle has in his possession very different things of mine. Go look at them, gracious lady; they will show you whether I be a mere house and sign painter. And tell me, do you suppose it would be worth the Baron's while to keep me in this imprisonment if I could paint only such worthless things as those lying on the floor there?"

The maiden was fully convinced of his truthfulness, but he did not wait for her answer. It was so long since he had talked at all, that no moment

must be lost of this blessed opportunity of explaining his position from the very beginning. He generously forgave his lovely prisoner for having had so much to do with it, but she must allow him to explain how "the sight of her beautiful face had kindled his imagination to such a flame that he was compelled to paint it, and, not being free to do so for his own pleasure, he had striven to transfer his recollection of it to the unfinished panel of the sainted Catharine. But that he had not been able to do. The purest form of beauty is always the most elusive, and, in the midst of these unsuccessful efforts, the Fourteen Helpers had, of course, been a little neglected, whereupon the Baron (who, in the fulness of his years, had forgotten how young men lose their hearts) lost his temper instead, and locked him up here so as to ensure the completion of the pictures by St. Leonard's Day."

With a skillful arrangement of facts, and an artistic grouping of consequences, Konrad ended triumphantly by making his admiration of the maiden's beauty the sole cause of all his misfortunes.

At first he held his captive's hand firmly clasped in his, but loosened it as she ceased to struggle. When he had finished his explanation and pressed her hand tenderly, merely out of friendship, she only drew it back a little way, and then let it lie passive, but within his reach.

She seemed to feel such pity for him that his heart overflowed with joy. Suddenly he thought this beautiful creature must be the Baron's noble daughter, whom the old tyrant, insensible alike to beauty, whether in art or nature, kept hidden away here from all the world. Why had he not recognized it sooner? But he hastened now to implore her to persuade her father to unlock his prison doors for him without delay.

"That I cannot do," she answered, sorrowfully. "And my father would not dare do it. He may seem to be treating you with severity, but, indeed, indeed, he is only acting according to his bounden duty."

"There we have a genuine bit of the old school," thought Konrad!—a poor, unhappy human being, persecuted beyond endurance, and all for the sake of one man's determination to keep his word to his patron saints, up to the very minute.

The Baron's will was inflexible. But a happy inspiration suggested that, could he persuade this lady to come back again into the neglected garden, it might be really better for him to stay quietly in prison a little while longer. Was she not already looking at him with kindly sympathy? And should he be released and go back again to the city, he would probably never see her again, and she would quickly lose all interest in him. Oh! if only it were possible! if only she would really help him! And, emboldened by the happy thought, he again explained to her, with even more earnestness, that he would never regain his liberty until the pictures were all finished and finely executed. That, sad and lonely as he was, he could do nothing with so heavy a heart, and especially would it be impossible to finish St. Catharine without a model, a beautiful model. Would she not have compassion upon him? Would she not graciously help him by coming back once or twice, if only for a quarter of an hour or so? The finest portraits had often been painted in this hurried manner. Moreover, St. Catharine herself might take note of this unselfish sacrifice in her favor—and, by-the-way, was not the maiden's name Catharine?

No, her name was Susannah.

At first she refused to listen to the proposition, but yielded to it later on; "perhaps a little too easily," as the

painter said to himself, in thinking it over after she was gone. But her father had evidently brought her up in this secluded place, a genuine child of nature, innocent and pure-minded.

But how completely the apparition of this child of nature had changed the thoughts and feelings of our hero! He now rejoiced in his imprisonment, for tomorrow he would see the beautiful Susannah again! And he would paint, oh, how splendidly he would paint, the holy St. Catharine! Not one of the old masters could have surpassed him! In the enthusiasm of his love and admiration he was quickly, fully convinced that, now, he could never leave

this hitherto hated castle without a formal engagement, or, better still, a speedy marriage with the adorable Susannah. And here two conflicting currents of thought crossed each other.

He dearly loved the beautiful maiden, and so felt bound to win her for her own dear sake. But, also, he detested her unfeeling father, and what a glorious triumph it would be, what a fine revenge to play him this trump card! The prisoner would overreach his jailor! And, with this cheering thought of love and vengeance, he prepared a third panel for the many times repainted St. Catharine.

(To be concluded.)

WILLIAM COWPER.

On April 25th Cowper will have been dead just a century. The reflection is fairly obvious, but also somewhat startling, for the lines of Cowper that we all know by heart have nothing in them that suggests a bygone age. The appeal of "The Castaway," or "Hark, my soul, it is the Lord," or "John Gilpin," to mention three masterpieces in different modes, comes as freshly and simply to us as to our great-grandfathers; which is a way of saying that they are, in the truest sense of the word, classical. It may be interesting to any readers of Cornhill, who are a little vague, as one is apt to be, about the history of a classical writer, to rehearse briefly Cowper's legend, noticing especially the influences that determined his devotion to literature.

William Cowper was born in 1731 at the rectory of Great Berkhamstead, in the county of Hertford. His family had been ennobled in the person of his great-uncle, the Whig Lord Chan-

cellor to Anne and George I; his grandfather was that Spencer Cowper, Judge of the Common Pleas, for love of whom a pretty Quakeress drowned herself; and his father was chaplain to George II. On the mother's side, who was a Donne, the blood was perhaps better and certainly more interesting, as it descended by several lines from King Henry III, and also from the great Jacobean poet and preacher, John Donne, Dean of St. Paul's. His mother died when Cowper was six years old, and one of his most touching poems, written fifty years later on receiving from a cousin a present of the only known picture of her, shows that her memory remained always fresh and vivid in his mind. The impression of his loss was rendered indelible by the fact that he was sent off at once to a boarding-school, where, being weak in health and of acute sensibilities, he was bullied. Afterwards he proceeded to Westminster, and made friends of

a few boys who by-and-by made a stir in the world, Warren Hastings, Elijah Impey and Charles Churchill. On leaving school he was articled to an attorney in Ely Place, in whose office he idled away several years; in spare moments "giggling and making giggle" with some cousins, the daughters of Ashley Cowper, who lived hard by in Southampton Row. His fellow-clerk was Thurlow, afterwards Lord Chancellor. Cowper, who foretold Thurlow's success, made his friend promise to give him an appointment when he came to the woolsack; but when the prophecy was fulfilled Thurlow did not remember Cowper, but forgot him. When Cowper brought himself to Thurlow's notice by sending him his first book of poems, his Lordship failed to acknowledge its receipt; and this so hurt the poet's feelings that he penned a certain vigorous passage upon Friendship, which is likely to be remembered and coupled with the name of Thurlow as long as the language lasts:—

Oh friendship, cordial of the human
breast!
So little felt, so fervently professed!
Thy blossoms deck our unsuspecting
years;
The promise of delicious fruit appears;
We hug the hopes of constancy and
truth,
Such is the folly of our dreaming
youth;
But soon, alas, detect the rash mistake
That sanguine inexperience loves to
make;
And view with tears th' expected har-
vest lost,
Decay'd by time, or wither'd by a frost.
Whoever undertakes a friend's great
part
Should be renew'd in nature, pure in
heart,
Prepar'd for martyrdom, and strong to
prove
A thousand ways the force of genuine
love.
He may be call'd to give up health and
gain,

To exchange content for trouble, ease
for pain,
To echo sigh for sigh, and groan for
groan,
And wet his cheeks with sorrows not
his own.
The heart of man, for such a task too
frail,
When most relied on, is most sure to
fail;
And summon'd to partake its fellow's
woe
Starts from its office like a broken bow.

Cowper was called to the bar in 1754—he was at this time a Templar and a wit and a member of a Nonsense Club which included George Colman. Two years later his father died, leaving but little fortune; but the son was, to a certain extent, provided for by a Commissionership in Bankruptcy, and it was understood that his cousin, Major Cowper, would be properly nepotic when the Clerkship of the House of Lords fell in, to which the Major had the presentation. In 1763 the vacancy occurred, and the good kinsman played his part; nothing was required of the candidate but to appear at the bar of the House for a formal examination. Unhappily, Cowper was not a good subject for an examination, however formal; a nervous melancholy became accentuated by the prospect, and on the day fixed for his appearance he attempted suicide. The failure of the attempt struck him into an ever-deepening religious horror.

One morning (he wrote afterwards) as I lay between sleeping and waking, I seemed to myself to be walking in Westminster Abbey, waiting till prayers should begin; presently I thought I heard the minister's voice, and hastened towards the choir; just as I was upon the point of entering, the iron gate under the organ was flung in my face with a jar that made the Abbey ring; the noise awoke me; and a sentence of excommunication from all the churches upon earth could not have been so dreadful

to me as the interpretation which I could not avoid putting upon this dream.

When he recovered his reason his relations subscribed him a modest income—for the Commissionership had to be resigned—and his brother, who was a Fellow of a college at Cambridge, settled him at Huntingdon, so as to be within reach. It was at Huntingdon that his melancholy figure attracted the attention of the Rev. Morley Unwin, who invited him to his house, and presently received him as a boarder. It is interesting to look back at Cowper's first impressions of this family, with whom his future life and fortunes were to be bound up:—

I have added another family to the number of those I was acquainted with when you were here. Their name is Unwin—the most agreeable people imaginable; quite sociable, and as free from the ceremonious civility of county gentlefolks as any I have ever met with. They treat me more like a near relation than a stranger, and their house is always open to me. The old gentleman carries me to Cambridge in his chaise. He is a man of learning and good sense, and as simple as Parson Adams. His wife has a very uncommon understanding, has read much, to excellent purpose, and is more polite than a duchess. The son, who belongs to Cambridge, is a most amiable young man, and the daughter quite of a piece with the rest of the family. They see but little company, which suits me exactly; go when I will I find a house full of peace and cordiality in all its parts, and am sure to hear no scandal, but such discourse, instead of it, as we are all better for. You remember Rousseau's description of an English morning; such are the mornings I spend with these good people; and the evenings differ from them in nothing except that they are still more snug, and quieter.

For nearly two years Cowper lived with the Unwins, and shared in their

life of religious devotion. The scheme of the day is thus sketched in a letter to his cousin, Mrs. Cowper:—

We breakfast commonly between eight and nine; till eleven we read either the Scripture, or the sermons of some faithful preacher; at eleven we attend divine service, and from twelve to three we separate and amuse ourselves as we please. During that interval I either read in my own apartment, or walk, or ride, or work in the garden. We seldom sit an hour after dinner, but if the weather permits adjourn to the garden, where, with Mrs. Unwin and her son, I have generally the pleasure of religious conversation till tea-time. After tea we sally forth to walk in good earnest. At night we read and converse as before till supper, and commonly finish the evening either with hymns, or a sermon, and, last of all, the family are called to prayers.

It was the life of an evangelical Gidding of the last century; and the very mechanicalness of the routine seems to have soothed and numbed Cowper's too irritable sensibilities. Unhappily, when Mr. Unwin died, the household removed to Olney, to be under the spiritual direction of the famous John Newton. They took a house adjoining the vicarage, opening a private door between the two gardens, and entered upon what Cowper calls "a course of decided Christian happiness." But Newton's methods were not narcotic, like good Mr. Unwin's, and he very soon had poor Cowper mad again. For the sixteen months that the attack lasted, Cowper refused to leave Newton's house, though his own was next door; and, it should be remembered, to that unwise person's credit, that he bore this troublesome visit with perfect good will. In the end, Cowper's recovery was promoted by the interest he took in some tame leverets, whose exploits are chronicled in his poems; and a relapse was, for the time, rendered improbable by the removal of

Mr. Newton to a living in London. Moreover, literature now came to his aid. To the admirable Mrs. Unwin is due the credit of setting Cowper to work on composition, though her choice of a subject was more what we should expect than what, as experts in lunacy or as lovers of poetry, we can altogether approve. She suggested the "Progress of Error," and this was soon followed by three other poems of the same kind: "Truth," "Table Talk," and "Retirement." These, with some other pieces in the same vein, composed Cowper's first published volume. The book made no stir; it was praised here, and blamed there, but did not sell. This, of course, proves not that it was bad, but that it was more or less original. Still, as Cowper considered himself a preacher and moralist rather than a poet, and protested to his friends that his aim in writing was to do good to his generation under pretence of entertaining it, we cannot wonder that the jam failed to reconcile the public to the pill. Cowper's first volume is, in fact, a literary monument to the so-called Evangelical movement. It denounces "Works" and Roman Catholics. It speaks of a hermit (not a particular hermit, but the hermit as such) as being

Sore tormented long before his time.

It even censures the Handel Commemoration as idolatry. What is still tolerable in these first essays is the honey on the medicine cup. Cowper had a very pretty vein of satiric humor, and indulges it in "Retirement" and "Conversation" with considerable success:

The circle formed, we sit in silent state,
Like figures drawn upon a dial plate;
"Yes, ma'am," and "No, ma'am," uttered softly, show
Every five minutes how the minutes go;

Each individual, suffering a constraint
Poetry may but colors cannot paint,
As if in close committee on the sky,
Reports it hot, or cold, or wet, or dry;
And finds a changing clime a happy source
Of wise reflection and well-tim'd discourse.
We next inquire, but softly and by stealth,
Like conservators of the public health,
Of epidemic throats, if such there are,
And coughs, and rheums, and phthisis, and catarrh.

That theme exhausted, a wide chasm ensues,
Filled up at last with interesting news,
Who danced with whom, and who are like to wed,
And who is hanged, and who is brought to bed;
But fear to call a more important cause
As if 'twere treason against English laws.
The visit paid, with ecstasy we come,
As from a seven years' transportation, home,
And there resume an unembarrassed brow,
Recovering what we lost, we know not how,
The faculties that seemed reduced to nought,
Expression and the privilege of thought.

Having once tasted the delights of authorship, Cowper was not wanting in eagerness for a second essay; and at the critical moment a second muse appeared on the scene of a more potent and less Puritan inspiration than good Mrs. Unwin. Every schoolboy has heard of the famous rose "that Mary to Anna conveyed," as if to symbolize the transference of her authority. Anna was Lady Austen, a baronet's widow, and a woman of fashion and sensibility, who had lived much in France and knew her Rousseau. She took lodgings in what had been Newton's house, and the door between the gardens was once more set open. To

Lady Austen's inspiration we owe two of the most successful of the minor poems, the "Diverting History of John Gilpin" and the "Loss of the Royal George," which was written to a French air for her harpsichord. We owe also, what is perhaps of more importance, "The Task," so called because Cowper asked for a subject, and was bidden to write a poem upon the sofa on which the Muse was reclining. It must be owned that the idea does not strike one as very brilliant or happy; and the poet soon made his escape from the prescribed topic. It will be remembered that a transition is made from the use of sofas by the gouty to the neglect of them by healthy people and so to country walks. The importance of Lady Austen's suggestion lay, first, in the fact that the subject was non-religious, and, secondly, that she urged upon the poet the greater freedom of blank verse. Of course Cowper would have reckoned it profanity to write poetry without introducing here and there his religious views; and so we have in "The Task" denunciations of chess and abuse of historians and astronomers in the manner of the "Moral Essays;" but what distinguishes "The Task" from the "Moral Essays" is that we also get, for the first time in English literature, a quite unconventional delight in country life for its own sake, and an admirable reproduction of its familiar scenes. This made the success of the poem at the time, and has since kept for it a high place in the affections of those who care for poetry at all. One epithet will suffice to show the new spirit of close observation that Cowper brought to his work:

Forth goes the woodman, leaving, unconcern'd,
The cheerful haunts of man, to wield the axe
And drive the wedge in yonder forest
dear.

Shaggy and lean and shrewd, with pointed ears
And tail cropp'd short, half lurcher and half cur,
His dog attends him. Close behind his heel
Now creeps he slow, and now with many a frisk
Wide-scampering snatches up the drifted snow
With ivory teeth, or ploughs it with his snout;
Then shakes his powdered coat and barks for joy.
Heedless of all his pranks the sturdy churl
Moves right towards his mark.

The success of Cowper's second volume had a good effect upon his spirits; it also put him on more comfortable terms with his friends and kinsmen, who began to consider it an honor, instead of a nuisance, to subscribe for his maintenance. Even the Lord Chancellor's memory of him awoke. The poet began also to experience some of the inconveniences of greatness. Disciples came to visit him; poetasters sent him their manuscripts to correct; he was urged to sit for his portrait. The Clerk of All Saints, Northampton, came over to ask him to write the verses annually appended to the Bill of Mortality for that parish; and, with remarkable good nature, Cowper supplied them for seven years. The story of the interview is given with Cowper's inimitable lightness of touch in a letter to his cousin:—

On Monday morning last, Sam brought me word that there was a man in the kitchen who desired to speak with me. I ordered him in. A plain, decent, elderly figure made its appearance, and, being desired to sit, spoke as follows: "Sir, I am the clerk of the parish of All Saints in Northampton, brother of Mr. Cox, the upholsterer. It is customary for the person in my office to annex to a bill of mortality, which he publishes at Christmas, a copy of verses. You will do me a great

favor, sir, if you will furnish me with one." To this I replied, "Mr. Cox, you have several men of genius in your town, why have you not applied to some of them? There is a namesake of yours in particular, Cox, the statutory, who, everybody knows, is a first-rate maker of verses. He, surely, is the man of all the world for your purpose." "Alas! sir, I have heretofore borrowed help from him, but he is a gentleman of so much reading that the gentlemen of our town cannot understand him." I confess to you, my dear, I felt all the force of the compliment implied in this speech. The wagon has accordingly gone this day to Northampton loaded, in part, with my effusions in the mortuary style. A fig for poets who write epitaphs upon individuals! I have written one that serves for two hundred persons.

"The Task" was published in 1785, when Cowper was 31, three years after his former volume. But already the second Muse had flown. It is idle to conjecture the reason, if it be not reason enough that this very intellectual and sympathetic and volatile lady had exhausted in two years the excitement of the Olney household. To speak of jealousy between the sister Muses is unnecessary, and has been called vulgar. Her place was taken by Cowper's cousin, Lady Hesketh, who, now that Cowper's proselytising zeal had somewhat worn off, began to pay him an annual visit. By her care the poet and his friend were induced to remove from Olney, which had no salubrity to recommend it, to Weston Underwood, where the Squire, a Mr. Throckmorton, was already a friend of theirs. At Weston we have a curious irruption of the Rev. Mr. Newton. Lady Hesketh used to bring her carriage with her on her visits, and drove her cousin and Mrs. Unwin about the countryside; whereupon some of the Saints informed their old director that our friends were becoming worldly. Newton's rebuke has not been preserved,

but we have Cowper's reply, a sufficiently spirited and dignified remonstrance.

Those who do not know the more than inquisitorial powers arrogated to themselves by the leaders of this party in its palmy days will find it hard to believe that Cowper had already been called upon by Mr. Newton to defend his removal from Olney. The various letters will be found in Southey's second volume. Once, later, Newton attempted interference, when, after an attack of madness in 1787, Cowper took up his translation of Homer as a mental anodyne. What had a Christian to do with a pagan poet? Cowper, however, had the sense and courage to follow his own instinct in this matter. The "Homer" was published in 1791; and in that year Mrs. Unwin had a stroke of paralysis, and unhappily her mind decayed before her body. "She who had been so devoted became, as her mind failed, more exacting, and, instead of supporting her partner, drew him down." He fell again into hypochondria, sitting for a whole week silent and motionless. The story of his release from this apathy is singularly touching. The physician saw that no one but Mrs. Unwin could rouse him; and the problem was how to induce her to do so. At last they prevailed with her to say it was a fine morning and she should like a walk. Cowper at once rose and placed her arm in his.

It would be a sad task to follow closely the details of these last years. Lady Hesketh broke down in health, and could not pay her accustomed visits; but Cowper found a new and true friend in the poet Hayley. Hayley tried all possible expedients to rouse Cowper, even to procuring from distinguished people in town a round-robin expressing their sense of his great services to the nation; and he induced the poor invalids to pay him a visit in Sussex, hoping to benefit them

by change of scene. Both, however, had sunk too far. Finally the household was moved to Norfolk; but though the sound of the sea was for a time found soothing, the good effects were not maintained. Mrs. Unwin died in 1796; Cowper survived her by three years. His last poem, "The Cast-away," founded upon an incident in Anson's "Voyages," is, when its meaning is realized, the most terrible of English lyrics:

No voice divine the storm allay'd,
No light propitious shone,
When, snatch'd from all effectual aid,
We perish'd, each alone;

The Cornhill Magazine.

But I beneath a rougher sea,
And whelmed in deeper gulfs than he.

The only consolation one has in thinking of Cowper's long misery is that a madman cannot feel about things in the same way as a man in his senses. Words and ideas must have a different value to him. It would be impossible, for example, for a sane man, who believed himself condemned to everlasting torment, to pass from that topic, as he does in letters to Newton, to quite unimportant trifles, and to seek distraction from the thought in carpentering and painting in water-colors.

Urbanus Sylvan.

WOMEN'S CLUBS IN AMERICA.

In the month of June of the present summer the Palais de la Femme in Paris will be alive with congresses of women, philanthropic, educational, religious, scientific and commercial. Through an unfortunate accident, this Salle des Conférences is, at the last moment, deprived of the assistance of one of the most important and unique associations of the present century, "The General Federation of Women's Clubs of the United States," with subdivisions in thirty States, 1,200 individual clubs, a membership of 150,000 and honorary members from London, Glasgow, Cambridge, Montreal, Paris, Havre, Berlin, Brussels, Cairo, Moscow, Austria and Roumania. Arrangements have for many weeks been completed, a full program has been drawn up, and representative guests have been invited. At first the session was to take place in September, and, later, to suit other interests, the date was changed to the 28th and 29th of June, with a grand banquet on the 30th.

Since that, however, the Executive in Paris has been obliged to request a session as early as the 18th. This date conflicts with the regular Biennial Conference of the Clubs in Milwaukee on the 4th to the 9th of June. As Madame Pegard in Paris finds it impossible to give an audience later than the 18th, and as the Biennial is an immovable feast, the Federation has most reluctantly, and with universal regret, been compelled to abandon the Paris meeting.

This representation of women is in its origin and development no less wonderful than in its aims and achievements. Though not the first to initiate the movement of women towards club life, the United States has shot far ahead of other nations in organization and work. While their sisters in Britain enjoy their club in their own way, as a restful luncheon or tea-room, warmed up by an occasional lecture or discussion on a public question, its membership, well fenced by society bar-

riers, American women regard theirs as beehives of educational, scientific and commercial activity. The elements of tradition and climate, always powerful in the formation of character, are particularly so under the stimulus of new influences in fresh surroundings. The American woman is not fettered by past centuries. She is braced by a bright and invigorating climate. She has long given up the theory of being a competitor with her brother. She is his associate, his compeer. The men, with a chivalrous, almost Quixotic gallantry, have set her upon a pedestal, and maintain the idolatry. Little wonder if she thinks a lot of herself. Her success in the Woman's Department of the Chicago World's Fair was what she herself calls an "eye-opener" to the universe, and she forthwith re-invested that capital to enormous advantage. What that success amounted to at the time the world hardly realized, and has now almost forgotten. It was nothing revolutionary, nothing subversive of the old order of things. It was the concentration of organization, administration and sustained courage. It was a revelation of wide tolerance, broad horizon, and the unexampled belief which women have in each other. It was a surprise to the world, and all the more so that it was achieved by no special prophet from the wilderness, by no peculiar messenger from heaven. It was conceived, initiated, undertaken and carried through by essentially womanly women. It was an expression of very womanly sentiment. The best workers in that wonderful department were the best type of womanhood—the mothers, the home-makers, the housekeepers of the country. And the American women are a nation of housekeepers. To be a success, a cook-book, a new sauce, an improved range, a prepared food or a pointer in washing machines must be endorsed by them. The Quaker Oats,

of American manufacture, has seriously poached upon the preserves of the Land of Cakes itself. A New England kitchen has become a proverb. There are more magazines published in the United States on purely domestic affairs in one month than in the rest of the world in twelve. They have coined a new term, "Household Economics," and created a new faculty in their colleges, that of "Domestic Science."

In this day of "Trusts," in the very home of the "Combine," the American woman does not shrink from running her own little show single-handed. In her husband's office an invoice is an invoice, a spade is a spade. The "hands" work because their work tells. It leads to promotion. From Log Cabin to White House is the fundamental principle of business life. The business is divided into departments. Each department has its responsible head. The American woman comes down to breakfast to cope with a score of distinct departments, with no head but her own. Purchasing, cooking, cleaning, handling of servants, society matters, the health and education of her household all await her sole and responsible attention. For her there is no "sub." Her business has no partner. In her husband's office the message boy becomes the clerk, the clerk the manager, the manager the partner. In her household from January to December, from start to finish, she lives under the nineteenth-century dictatorship of homesick young women from foreign countries, spinsters and widows who must "support" themselves, and (worse than widows) wives who have to turn out to support invalid, unemployed, or improvident husbands. A little ready cash, a stock of gloves and ribbons, is what they want to tide over the sandbanks until matrimony is reached. To commence, this apprenticeship to housekeeping rules over the

household as first-class cook. For a change she "sews out." Then the housemaid is her envy, until she fancies the small retail shop or the departmental store, and finally finishes up a full-fledged stenographer.

There is plenty of the Log Hut about it, but little of the White House. The American woman with a courageous smile lives through it all. The cook's fire may not take. The snow may block up the milkman. The breakfast rolls may not "rise." "Please, ma'am, the ashman has made off with the ash-barrel, and the clothes line is twisted in the wind." Johnnie has a toothache. Gertie's rubbers leak. Father's gloves are mislaid. The housemaid with a bilious headache lies down. Her children's dinner is late. The hall-door bell rings while the housemaid is but dressing. Callers begin at three and keep it up briskly till six. The pantry pipes are choked. The gas escapes, and the electric switch is broken. Freddie must be sent to his dance class. The bedroom windows are left open too late. Lessons for next day come on the *tapis*, and one patient little head is responsible for all. Never mind, she will drag the whole affair to the seaside in June and call it her holiday.

Nevertheless these are the women, with a life absorbing, complicated and pressing, day in and day out, who did what was achieved at Chicago, and who composed the 150,000 who arranged for their representation in Paris. Little wonder that the old-fashioned Dorcas or an annual subscription for the distant heathen has had its day and ceased to be, and that there is a universal movement towards something which may relieve the monotony, refresh and stimulate, give rest not from idleness but from change. If it be true that the American woman knows little rest, it is also true that she has been the first to make a sci-

ence of her recreation, the first to recognize the Delsartean Philosophy of Repose, to establish entire colleges devoted to its culture, to seek in her clubs the change which should bring her recreation from this household thralldom.

The movement is peculiar to her continent, and, as has been said, is stimulated by the climate in which she lives, and by her traditions, or rather by her want of them. To her her club is just her club. She enjoys its privileges, its stimulus in town and country. Wishing others to share the pleasure, her next endeavor is towards club extension, the spread of the movement. Recognizing the benefit of club-methods and co-operation, her clubs "federate," State by State, and eventually the whole resolves itself into a General Federation with a representative meeting once in two years. Social enjoyment, philanthropy, self-improvement, a love of study, a spirit of usefulness a broader horizon, intellectual activity are very dear to her. She is not afraid to measure herself with her neighbor—to admit that the self-restraint and forbearance of club-contact is necessary to equip her fully for the good comradeship of life. At first small, simple, timid and local, these clubs have inherent original strength. Their growth is rapid, and their influence increases with their importance. Individual character in members and in clubs is fostered. An endless vista of enjoyment from study, usefulness and activity is opened up. The desire for fuller life is stirred and gratified, and this fuller life, having its origin in deeply-seated womanliness, is applied to the sphere of woman. So great has been the cumulative stimulus of this club movement that two pronounced tendencies have already shown themselves: towards working from the theoretical into the conspicuously practical affairs of life,

and towards subdivision (the Department Club) and re-concentration (States Federation).

In philanthropy the desire to promote the best interests of their fellow-women was directed to the best methods of achieving that end. A mutual bond was created between women of leisure and women of labor, the former finding their pleasure in securing for the latter lunch, reading and rest rooms, with social opportunities, hitherto undreamt of. In education, the pure enjoyment of intellectual contact, of systematic reading and study, of an interest in current events, of the discussion of special authors and special writings, of a specific preparation for intelligent travel, of an artistic and social atmosphere, quickly assumed a bent towards individual research, the principles of education, the extension of University privileges, the establishment of fellowships in colleges, and of public and private libraries. In domestic science, mothers' clubs could not long content themselves with scientific food and cookery, dress, home hygiene, nursing, sewing, laundry-work and the economies of general household arts. Home-making is raised to a science. The professions and trades which effect the home and the conditions of domestic life were examined. Child study was introduced, followed by all its problems of school laws, architecture, plans, lighting, heating, ventilation, hours, studies, recess, play, playgrounds and vacations. Co-operation with teachers' associations is devoted to secure industrial manual training for children, and art in schoolhouses—in short, the application of philosophy, art and science to the home.

A very large proportion of the clubs of American women have developed a special interest in municipal matters, and in the reform of municipal legislation bearing upon women and children. Their platform is good citizenship, edu-

cation on municipal questions, the duty of promoting civic interests, and the adoption of more uniform and effective methods to influence legislation. These women acquaint themselves with existing economic conditions. They invite expert and practical workers to lecture to them. Already they have secured better factory laws, female inspectors in factories that employ women and children, police matrons in women's jails, a large measure of tenement-house reform, and improvement of public parks and playgrounds; in addition much has been done to raise the general standard, to remedy abuses and to relieve the hardships of industrial life.

The industrial enthusiasm, almost amounting to a mania, in the United States has created an enormous number of clubs with platforms adapted to their specific clients. This activity, especially among women and children, is a surprise to those who first meet it. It is breathed with the air. Self-reliance is packed into every household pie. Independence is the watchword of the Constitution. The self-made man is the hero of the day. He is more spoken of, written about, lectured upon than any other commercial commodity in a very commercial country. The peculiar success of the millionaire supplies the best spice to a press which prides itself on its spiciness. From Log Cabin to White House is the only journey in the United States for which there is no return ticket. Every Yankee boy sets out deliberately with the determination of buying the ticket. It is an infectious thing. His sisters won't be left at home. Free from old-world traditions, they reverse the old order. It is no shame to work. It is a shame to be idle. The United States is the working woman's country. The American woman has made this the Woman's Day and Woman's Century. Even an

occasional hothouse growth in the shape of a publisher, an estate agent, a stockbroker, a doctor, a lawyer, a preacher, and a mayor crops up. In some quarters it is believed that the high-water mark has been reached, and that the tide shows a decided tendency to turn. In railways, banks, Post Office and Government departments, and in many commercial houses, 8,000 women have been written off within the last three months, and men put in their places. Still the numbers of nicely-dressed, prettily-mannered women who, in cities like New York, Chicago, Boston, Philadelphia, St. Louis and Minneapolis, stream over the bridges, along the streets, in and out of ferries, up and down the elevated railway (the L. Roads), day in and day out, at 7 A. M. and back at 6, run away up among the millions; an industrial activity not confined to young women, nor even to widows, but which is largely participated in by women who have husbands to support them.

The average American woman impresses you with her distinct individuality, her complete self-satisfied and self-contained capacity. As you "size her up" she is returning the compliment, but in a kindly patronizing fashion. If you do not worship the Stars and Stripes, she will grant you absolution by performing your share as well as hers. Her clubs are an expression of herself. She measures them by no one else. She sets out with an aim, and makes straight for it. She has her Emerson, her Hawthorne, her Holmes and her Lowell Club; her Shakespeare and Beethoven Circle; her Conversational Literary Round Table, Literary Explorers, Woman's Book Review, Fin de Siècle, Interrogation, Dilettante, Novelists, Authors, Daughters of Twentieth Century, Parlor Lecture, Friends in Council, Current Events, High School and College Almanack

Clubs; her Old Maid's Social and her Married Woman's Reading Club. All that is easy. It may be accomplished anywhere, even without her breezy Prairies and inspiring Rockies. But you must, I believe, renounce something of inherited prejudice before you enroll as member of the What-to-Know Club, the Looking Forward, the Far and Near, the Tourists and Travellers, the Fortnightly Jaunts, the Domestic Science and Afternoon Cooking Clubs, or the Over the Tea-Cup, Entre-nous, No Name, What's in a Name, Parchment, Thimble, Pow-wow, Mustard Seed, Acorn, October, Sunshine, Child Culture, Great Expectations, Lend-a-Hand, Rocking Chair, Peregrinators, or the Bachelor Maid's Club; while you must go further and become acclimatized, almost naturalized, before you will understand special women's clubs, for Physicians, Nurses, Artists and Tradespeople; the Park Memorial Free Association, the District Colored Women's League, the Women's Board of Trade Association, Daughters of Ceres (for mothers, wives and daughters of farmers), the Business Woman's Club, Professional Woman's League, National Association of Woman Stenographers, Noon-Day Rest Club, Wage-earner's Self-Culture Club (membership 5,000), Woman's Parliament of Southern California, Women's Aid Loan Association, Free-Bath and Sanitary League, Laundry Workers and Improvement Club, Woman's Municipal League, Masters' Assistants Club, and an out-and-out Woman's Board of Trade.

These organizations are the outgrowth of circumstances peculiar to the continent. Large numbers of them have working-women members, many of them exclusively so; while some have club auxiliaries of working-women with two sessions, one in the afternoon and the other in the evening, when the identical program is re-

peated, both main and auxiliary working in perfect harmony. Most of them possess their own buildings. All are self-supporting, self-governing, co-operative, and voluntary. Large manufacturing and departmental corporations, employing many women, have their own club machinery, now a recognized factor in their industrial life. Most of them have set out with a specific sphere, which, however, they have quickly outgrown. As the horizon broadens our American sisters take up measure after measure, and, by a sagacious utilization of existing means, achieve pretty much what they undertake. In Cook County a group of clubs, with aims and platforms almost at variance with each other, the National Council of Jewish Women, the Catholic Women's National League, the Union of Liberal Religions, and the Clubs of Chicago and its Suburbs, have united, or federated, for the specific purpose of "furthering the interests of Cook County, public schools and county institutions, watching legislation for women and children, and caring for delinquent, dependent, and neglected children." All along the line we meet with the same broad tolerance and concentrated effort. Existing societies are stimulated. The duplication of measures and means is avoided. Sentiment is aroused. Public opinion is moulded. Be it a problem of crowded city, of isolated farm, or of distant mines, of flowers from the Sunny South, or of fruits from the Golden West, it is individually diagnosed, attacked with skill and solved.

It is claimed by this organization of 150,000 American women that they have systematized existing charities, taught school children civic duties, improved city streets and country roads, renovated town and village market-places, and promoted better tram facilities; that they have founded children's penny savings banks, training

schools, jubilee halls, libraries, reading rooms, gymnasiums, art galleries, Sunday afternoon concerts, and scholarships in American colleges and in European colleges for American women; that they have erected historical monuments and public drinking fountains, planted trees in streets, and built music stands in public squares, and that they have secured for working girls tenement-house inspection, model lodging houses, holiday and convalescent homes, inexpensive lunch and rest rooms, club rooms, funds for aid in sickness, and legal counsel which, in 1896, was able to settle out of court 83 per cent. of cases.

As a sample of a club whose membership is open to all, the Women's Educational and Industrial Union of Boston may be quoted. It combines practical and educational work, both bearing directly on social economics, and is the centre of a very native social life. Started in 1877, and incorporated in 1880, it now owns a very handsome building in an expensive street. Its ground floor is used as a woman's exchange and lunch-room, the lunch being prepared by classes in housekeeping. On the next floor are the offices of the Union, parlors, reception rooms, reading rooms, and library. Class rooms and gymnasium, with lodgings for women, which bring high prices, occupy the floor above. An extensive educational work in all womanly arts is carried on. The cooking department does an outside trade to the extent of 11,000 dollars. In their housekeeping department, employers and employees study together the science of home-making, the course of which consists of four months, and entitles the pupil to a diploma.

The Woman's Century Club, of Dayton, Ohio, is an illustration of another class, namely a club whose membership is limited to the employees of a large industrial corporation. It set out

with 200 members, and meets twice a month in a beautiful hall furnished by the employers. The meeting lasts an hour, thirty minutes of which are given at the expense of the company. Once a month the members entertain their outside friends, when officers of the company and their wives grace the

The Nineteenth Century.

evenings. A musical and literary program is enjoyed, which is followed by dancing and refreshments. Experience has proved in this, and in all other similar clubs, that the mental and social relaxation is a distinct economic gain.

Margaret Polson Murray (Montreal),

Hon. Mem. Gen. Federation of Women's Clubs.

A DEMOCRATIC DECREE.

I.

Exactly at noon on the day before that fixed for the marriage of Queen Theresa of Nerumbia to her second cousin, Ernest, Hereditary Prince of Landberg, Captain Klunst, the chief of police of the capital city of Rosenstadt, was ushered into the private apartment of Count von Schönstein, the Queen's Principal Minister of State. He had come to Schönstein's residence in the Birnenstrasse by appointment; and the Count, though his furrowed countenance wore a look of deep gloom, received him graciously, and motioned him to a chair. Klunst sat down in silence, and waited with some impatience till the Minister, having carefully tied the papers on the table in front of him into a neat bundle, at length commenced the conversation.

"Well, I have seen the Queen," he began, in a low tone.

"Yes, your Lordship?"

"And it is useless trying to move her, worse than useless. She has thoroughly made up her mind, and is even prepared to accept my resignation if I persist in my refusal to have the monstrous decree I spoke to you about yesterday in readiness for her signature immediately after tomorrow's ceremony."

"But," said the other, "it is madness—sheer madness."

"So I represented to Her Majesty, Klunst, though not, of course, in those words. I pointed out that many of the prisoners she is so anxious to release are members of secret revolutionary societies—men and women who aim at the subversion of the constitution and the overthrow of the throne, whose freedom would even place Her Majesty in personal danger."

"It is true, my Lord."

The Count shrugged his shoulders.

"The Queen thinks not," he said, grimly.

"But what arguments did Her Majesty put forward?"

"None. She is a woman, and she does not argue. It almost makes one wish Nerumbia had adopted the Salic Law. I'll tell you what she did say, though. She hinted that my ideas are old-fashioned, and stated pretty plainly that, in her opinion, most of our political prisoners, as she pleases to call them, are the victims of police plots."

"Monstrous!"

"Just so."

"How can Her Majesty entertain such a notion?"

"I don't know, unless it is that she has been reading some of the French newspapers. But the origin of the evil

is of no consequence. She dismissed me with an instruction to draft the decree, and to commence it with a preamble to the effect that Queen Theresa is—is—really, I can hardly bring myself to speak the terrible words—is determined that her marriage shall inaugurate a new era."

"A new era?"

"Yes, an era of—mark this, Klunst—absolute liberty to every one of her subjects."

"Absolute liberty—in Nerumbia!" The captain laughed ironically.

Schönstein leaned back in his chair.

"I have explained the situation," he said, "and, so far as I can see, only a miracle can avert us from disaster."

"Ah!" Klunst drew a long breath, then he remarked, slowly: "I have something startling to reveal to you, my Lord Count—something that perhaps—though not a miracle—may, after all, lead Her Majesty to reconsider the position."

"What do you mean?" asked the Minister, eagerly.

"I mean, your Lordship, that we have discovered the existence of the most diabolical plot ever conceived."

"Yes, yes. What is it? Speak man—speak." Schönstein half rose in his excitement.

"It is a plot to murder—"

"Not the Queen?"

"No; but the Prince, the bridegroom, tomorrow."

"The Prince. Good Heavens! Where? How?"

"In the Cathedral, at the commencement of the marriage service."

II.

"Details," said Schönstein, after a brief, intense pause; "details."

Klunst bowed.

"They are precise, my Lord. Among those who have been given passes into the Cathedral is a certain Duchesse de

Malville, who is supposed to be a member of the French nobility."

"Yes; I recollect the name. She obtained her ticket through one of Her Majesty's ladies-in-waiting."

"Whom we need not speak of, your Lordship, for she is merely an innocent dupe. She knows nothing of the supposed Duchesse's true character and antecedents."

"You, Klunst, are better informed?"

"Yes," said the other, simply. "This woman, whose real name is Adèle Lèront, is an anarchist of the most dangerous type, young, fascinating, and—worst of all—sincere. She is utterly careless of her life, and is, no doubt, gratified at having been chosen by her fellows for the deadly work projected for tomorrow."

"When was she so chosen, Klunst?"

"At a meeting held last night, a meeting at which the police were represented. The scheme of the crime was then discussed; and, to put the matter shortly, it was decided that, as the wedding party walked up the central aisle, the woman should spring forward and stab Prince Ernest to the heart."

The Count received all these particulars with the utmost calmness, giving no further sign of emotion than an occasional bite of his iron-gray moustache. Now he merely asked meditatively:

"Why should they wish to assassinate the Prince rather than the Queen?"

"I cannot say, your Lordship, unless it is that the clothes worn by a man afford less protection to the heart than those of a woman. Or it may be that they think an attack on the Prince is less likely to be anticipated than one on the Queen."

"Ah! well; in any case the effect would be the same. Theirs is, of course, an international organization, and it is only the rank of the victim they care about. The Prince is a ruler of a larger country than ours, and his

murder could not fall to terrorize Europe. But, now, what do you propose to do?"

"To arrest this woman, my Lord."

"And on what evidence?"

"The evidence of my officer; Sauber his name is. He obtained admission to the meeting disguised as a—"

"Never mind that, Klunst; I am quite aware of your methods. But have you no other witnesses?"

"No; though we can trace this woman's history for some years past, and prove that she has been in the habit of expressing the most revolutionary opinions."

Schönstein was silent for a moment. Then he said, decisively:

"The case is not strong enough."

"Not strong enough, your Lordship?" The captain looked surprised. "Why, any court—"

"Not strong enough for the Queen, I mean! She will simply believe the whole affair to be an invention of the police; and, so far from abandoning her projected folly, will actually glory the more in its accomplishment. I know Her Majesty's disposition, Klunst."

"What is to be done, then?"

"At present, so far as you are concerned, nothing—absolutely nothing."

"I must not proceed with the arrest?"

"Certainly not."

"But, my Lord—"

"I have no time for further discussion," interrupted the Count. "I wish to be alone now. I have much to occupy me. You have my instructions; if I find it necessary to vary them you shall be duly notified."

With which he rose, and Captain Klunst, mystified, and not a little annoyed, had no course but to take his departure.

III.

Left to himself Count von Schönstein sat for several minutes trying to

arrive at a solution of the most difficult problem with which he had ever been confronted. This was briefly how to utilize the plot revealed by the chief of police in such a way as to overrule the headstrong will of the young Queen. To arrest the would-be assassin, and endeavor to convict her on police evidence would, as he had at once seen and explained to Klunst, in all probability produce an exactly contrary effect on Her Majesty's mind to that he desired. What other action, then, could he take? For once the Minister felt non-plussed; he could not find an answer to the question. And yet, on his finding an answer depended his future career, for he had taken up such a definite position in the matter of the suggested amnesty that he would be bound, should this be carried out, to resign his office. He was a patriot according to his lights, and he honestly believed the Queen's design both foolish and dangerous. But he was also a strong and ambitious man, who hated to be thwarted, even by his royal mistress, and who could not contemplate with equanimity relinquishing the political power which was so dear to his soul.

What if he were to do nothing, beyond, perhaps, warning Prince Ernest at the last moment of his danger, and affording him police protection? If the Queen saw the man she loved actually attacked, and at such a time, she could hardly fail to experience an overwhelming revulsion of feeling. But the Count, daring as he was, hesitated to take a course fraught with so much risk, more especially as he liked Prince Ernest, and believed that, later on, when love's first frenzy had somewhat abated, he would find in the Prince a powerful ally in opposing the democratic tendencies of Queen Theresa. No, no, the Prince's life must not be endangered.

He had come to this inevitable con-

clusion when his private secretary entered from an adjoining room, placed a budget of letters on the table, and retired. Schönstein opened one, two, three of these communications, and glanced at their contents without interest. Out of the fourth, however, fell a photograph, and he took it up with a half-start. It was not accompanied by any note, but was signed, "Very truly yours, Arnold Farrington." "A remarkable resemblance," murmured the Count, "really remarkable." He struck a small bell which stood on the table, and his secretary re-entered the room. The Count handed him the photograph, and began abruptly:

"Farrington, the leading actor in that English theatrical company, which has been in Rosenstadt for the last fortnight, has sent me his photograph, Müller. You've seen him, of course?"

"I have, my Lord."

"Good—Isn't it?"

"Exceedingly."

"Did it ever strike you, Müller"—there was a hardly perceptible tremor in Schönstein's voice—"that Farrington is extremely like some one we both know very well?"

The secretary looked at the photograph carefully for a few moments, saying, at last:

"Well, my Lord, I never noticed it before, but I think you must refer to Prince Ernest."

"Yes, yes; not only are the two astonishingly alike, but they are of the same height and build. I wonder now"—he broke off abruptly—"when do these English actors leave us, Müller—do you know?"

"Their last performance is fixed for tomorrow evening, my Lord."

"Ah! Well, Müller, I was present at the play they gave two nights since, and at its conclusion I sent for Mr. Farrington and complimented him on his acting. It is, no doubt, in consequence of that interview that he has

honored me with his photograph. I should like to thank him for his courtesy personally. Perhaps, too, I may give him some little souvenir—actors, I have heard, are fond of souvenirs; but, in any case, I want you to send a note to him—you can easily find out where he is stopping—and ask him to come here and see me after lunch, say at three o'clock. Let the note go at once by special messenger."

Herr Müller bowed and left the room. The Count threw himself back in his chair, drew a deep breath, gave a low whistle, and muttered slowly to himself:

"At last I think I see a way, dangerous and difficult, too, not to say terribly expensive; but still a way. If only this English actor has sufficient pluck and impudence—and his countrymen, generally, are lacking in neither of these characteristics—then I—I believe I can give Her Majesty an object-lesson she will never forget, and, at the same time, save both Nerumbia and myself."

IV.

That afternoon, probably for the first time in his life, Arnold Farrington was positively astounded. The Count made him a proposal so extraordinary that, but for the heavy monetary bribe with which it was accompanied, the actor would have esteemed the matter a huge joke. As it was, he hesitated, and raised one objection after another, to each of which, however, the Minister was ready with an answer. The upshot was that, having satisfied Schönstein, he left, taking with him, with many misgivings, a portrait of Prince Ernest of Landberg, a ribbon of the order of the Gray Eagle, and a draft for a large sum on the Secret Service account of the Nerumbian treasury. Whatever happened, he could, at least,

congratulate himself on having obtained payment in advance.

A little later Von Schönstein and the chief of police were again in conference.

"Klunst," said the former, commencing the conversation, "before we go any further, I want to be assured that what you told me this morning of the intended assassination of the Prince is absolutely true."

"That is so, my Lord. I have questioned and cross-questioned my officer, and he is ready to swear to the accuracy of the most minute detail of his story."

"There is no doubt, for instance, that the attack is planned to take place during the procession of the wedding-party up the aisle at the beginning of the service?"

"None whatever; on that point, as on all others, Sauber is quite positive."

"Good! Then I have arranged this affair at last."

"I am to arrest the Duchesse?"

"No, no; I told you before how futile such a step would be. Come, you shall hear everything; but, by heaven! Klunst, should a word ever pass your lips—"

"You may rely upon my discretion, my Lord."

"Well, I suppose I may, especially since your interests, as well as mine, are involved. Let the Queen have her way, and unloose this disreputable horde of criminals, and there can be little doubt that, provided she is not meanwhile assassinated, her next step will be to abolish the police, which would abolish you, Captain Klunst." The Count smiled grimly, and went on without waiting for a reply: "On the other hand, let the Frenchwoman's attack be duly made, and Her Majesty dare not, simply dare not, outrage public opinion and—and my opinion—by proceeding with her ridiculous decree."

"But I—I do not understand, my Lord. You cannot mean that we are to allow the attack to be made?"

"I do, though, Klunst."

"I am lost in perplexity, your Lordship. Have you consulted Prince Ernest about this? Is he ready to take the risk?"

Schönstein twirled his moustache; he was quite enjoying the mystification of the chief of police.

"No" he said slowly, "I have not consulted the Prince, nor at this stage do I propose to do so. It is quite unnecessary."

"Unnecessary?" The word came involuntarily from the captain's lips.

"Entirely. The Prince will not be exposed to any risk whatever."

Klunst's face was a study; but he said nothing.

"Simply because," the Count resumed, "the attack will not be made on him at all."

The chief of police fidgeted nervously in his chair, but speech was still beyond his powers.

"It will be made," said the other, in a low voice, "on a gentleman who has agreed to enact the part of bridegroom for the passage up the aisle only—Mr. Arnold Farrington, the great English actor, who is visiting us just now."

He paused, and at last Klunst managed by a gesture to signify his desire for further information. The Count was quite ready to gratify him.

"Briefly," he explained, "this is how matters stand: It has been arranged, as you know, that Prince Ernest is to wear tomorrow the uniform of a Captain of Hussars, with one decoration only, the ribbon of the Order of the Gray Eagle. Well, Farrington has in his theatrical wardrobe the requisite uniform, and I have lent him my decoration. Farrington bears a strong resemblance to the Prince, and, with a little make-up, it would be next to impossible, in the dim light of the

Cathedral, to distinguish between the two men. You follow so far?"

"Ye-es," gasped Klunst.

"H'm! It has also been arranged that Prince Ernest is to await the Queen immediately inside the great door of the west end of the Cathedral, when, after kissing his bride's hand, he, with the rest of the party, will at once move up the aisle. This part of the program, however, the Prince will carry out by deputy, for his carriage—you know he and I are to proceed to the Cathedral together—his carriage will be unavoidably delayed."

The chief of police wiped his moist brow.

"But, my Lord," he murmured, "if this Englishman should be killed?"

"There is no fear of that. He is going to wear a coat of mail underneath his uniform. The only risk he runs is the really slight one of detection, for which he has been well paid. But now, Klunst, I wish you to note carefully your share in this transaction. First of all, the so-called Duchesse must be watched, and should she, by any chance, leave the city, the fact must be at once communicated to me."

The captain bowed assent.

"Her movements are under observation," he remarked.

"Now, for yourself, then. You will post several officers in plain clothes near the central aisle of the Cathedral, and will, of course, be yourself among them. The moment the attack is made, Farrington will fall, and it will then be for you and those of your men who are not engaged in arresting the woman to surround him before the Queen has time to intervene, and carry him quickly to the vestry at the south of the altar. There you must immediately get rid of the men, and an instant later the Prince and I will join you. The Prince, whom I shall have meanwhile taken into my confidence, will then himself go into the Cathedral, ex-

plain to the Queen in a hurried whisper that he was not wounded, but had merely fainted with excitement, and the interrupted ceremony will be proceeded with. So shall we save Nerumbla."

"Your instructions are difficult to give effect to, my Lord," said the chief of police, gazing at Schönstein admiringly; "but I will do my best."

"Till we meet tomorrow, then, Captain Klunst, farewell."

"Farewell, my Lord Count—till tomorrow."

"We are to commence a new era then, you know," added the Minister, with a laugh as the other rose to go.

"Ha! ha! a new era!" echoed Klunst, closing the door behind him.

V.

It was the season of winter, and the next day proved cold and gloomy. Nevertheless, long before the hour of one, at which the wedding was to take place, the streets of Rosenstadt were gaily decorated with flags and bunting, and were thronged with crowds of merry-faced citizens who had turned out to do honor to the occasion. Arnold Farrington noted all this as he lay back among the cushions of a closed carriage, listening dreamily to the pealing bells, and wishing his adventure well over. It had been the publicly expressed desire of the Prince of Landberg to be permitted to proceed to the Cathedral quietly, so that Farrington was not worried by any inconvenient demonstrations *en route*. Arrived at his destination, however, he grew somewhat anxious, for here he had to encounter the Burgomaster, explain that the Count von Schönstein had been detained for a few minutes, and submit to be escorted up the stone steps of the Cathedral, and so through the great door at which he was to await the coming of the Queen. He dis-

mounted from the vehicle, and his fears were immediately set at rest. The hours he had devoted to his make-up had brought their reward; the obsequious officials who stood bowing before him had evidently not the slightest doubt as to his identity with the Prince. He entered the Cathedral just three minutes before one; and as he gazed at the richly-dressed personages who thronged the vast nave, speculated calmly as to the precise position of the woman who was to attack him.

On the stroke of the hour, cheers from without announced the advent of the young monarch, and, at the same moment, the Count and the Prince of Landberg alighted unobserved at a small door at the other end of the building. Schönstein's only ground for uneasiness was over; he had told his story to the Prince in such a way as to gain His Serene Highness's assent to the steps taken for his safety, and for Nerumbia's safety, and for the safety of the Count. Together they entered an unoccupied vestry, and awaited events with confidence.

The mighty organ pealed forth; the procession must have started up the aisle. Another moment, and—unemotional man as he was—the Count's heart began to beat wildly. If the deed should cause a panic? But no, no; Klunst was a reliable officer; he would prevent anything of that sort!

Some seconds passed; but nothing seemed to have happened. Then the organ ceased, and the two men in the vestry distinctly heard the resonant voice of the archbishop beginning the marriage service.

Schönstein's brow grew moist, his lips parched; he had comprehended the terrible truth. The attack had not been made. The passage up the aisle had been accomplished in safety! He could find no words in which to reply to the dismayed look of inquiry cast upon him by the astonished Prince.

There was a noise at the outer door, and Captain Klunst, his face blanched, his limbs trembling, stood before them.

"My Lord Count," he panted, "what is to be done? This woman Lèront, this anarchist, has failed us. She is not in the Cathedral." He paused for breath.

"Go on," muttered Schönstein, feebly. "She has escaped?"

"No, no; her lodging was too carefully watched for that to happen. But she must have found out that we were watching her. She has simply kept indoors. That is all."

"All!" echoed the Count.

"All!" cried the Prince, excitedly. "It is not all. Why—why, good heavens, Count!—while we three are standing here, Theresa—the Queen—my Queen—is—being married to an English actor!"

The Count groaned; but could offer no suggestion. He and Klunst looked at one another blankly. The tension was becoming unbearable.

"Fire! Fire! Fire!"

The cry came from within the Cathedral, and was followed by a stampede, and the shouts of the excited people rushing for the great west door of the building. Another moment, and into the vestry burst the man who had raised the alarm—Mr. Arnold Farrington.

"I—I had to do it," he gasped, addressing the Count. "Why, they were actually marrying me to the Queen, and I—I have a wife in England. There is nothing like a cry of fire to clear a place quickly; and, goodness knows, in this suit of mail I was hot enough to do the thing realistically. No one will be hurt, the exits are too good. By Jupiter!" he added, "here comes Her Majesty!"

For answer, the Count, who, in the presence of a pressing danger, had recovered himself, seized Farrington by the arm and hustled him out of the vestry into the street. His carriage

was still waiting, and the two men jumped in.

"I have failed to save Nerumbia," said the Count, hastily; "but there is yet time to save myself."

"And me, I hope," remarked Farrington. "I guess I'd better get away from this country of yours as soon as convenient, Count."

"Like fury to the railway station," cried Schönstein to the coachman.

Thus abruptly did the Count von Schönstein bring his political career to an end. A more pliant Minister was immediately appointed in his stead, who, at the conclusion of the deferred marriage-ceremony on the following day, presented for the Queen's signa-

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ture a decree giving immediate liberty to all prisoners throughout the realm. Whether this will lead to the direful results anticipated by the Count, time alone can show. It has since come to the knowledge of the chronicler of these events, however, that the Duchesse de Malville, *alias* Adèle Léront, was allowed by the demoralized police to make good her escape, and also that at present Queen Theresa is well and happy. At the same time, there are said to be matters connected with Her Majesty's first attempt at matrimony as to which she in vain seeks enlightenment from her prudent and far-seeing spouse, Ernest, Hereditary Prince of Landberg.

Adam R. Thomson.

SUMMER IN THE FOREST.

At the end of the third week in June we know without the almanac that spring is over; nowhere in England, perhaps, is one more sensible of the change to full summer than in that warmest corner of Hampshire within the angle of land formed by the Solent and Southampton Water.

The cuckoo calls less and less frequently, and the nightingale has ceased singing. The passionate season is plainly over for the birds; their fountain of music is running dry. Voices are harsher and color deeper than in May and early June. One of the commonest sounds in all the open woods and along the lanes is the curious musical note of the young blackbird. It is like the chuckle of the adult, but sharper, and is the hunger call of the young bird as he sits concealed in a bush or on the ground among the corn or weeds; when he has been left unfed for a long time he emits this shrill

note at intervals of ten to fifteen seconds. It may be heard distinctly two or three hundred yards away. The cornfields and waste weedy grounds are everywhere splashed with the intense scarlet of poppies. Summer has no rain in all her wide hot heavens to give to her green thirsty fields, and has sprinkled them with the red fiery moisture from her own veins.

The great unkept hedges are now in the fulness of their mid-summer beauty. After sunset the fragrance of the honeysuckle is almost too much; standing near the blossom-laden hedge, when there is no wind to carry the odor away, there is a heaviness in it which makes it like some delicious honeyed liquor which we are drinking in. The honeysuckle is, indeed, the queen of the "melancholy flowers" that give out their odor by night. But during the day, when its smell is faint, its pale, sickly blossoms are hardly no-

ticed, even where they drape the hedge and are to be seen in masses. Of the hedge-flowers the rose alone is then looked at, its glory being so great as to make all other blooms seem nothing but bleached or dead discolored leaves in comparison. He would, indeed, be a vainly ambitious person who should attempt to describe this queen of all wild flowers, joyous or melancholy; but substituting flower for fruit, and the delight of the eye for the pleasure of taste, we may in speaking of it quote the words of a famous old English divine, used in praise of the strawberry. He said that the Author of all things could doubtless have made a better fruit if He had been so minded, but doubtless He never did.

I esteem the rose not only for that beauty which sets it highest among flowers, but also because it will not suffer admiration when removed from its natural surroundings. In this particular it resembles certain brilliant sentient beings that languish and lose all their charms in captivity. Pluck your rose and bring it indoors, and place it side by side with other blossoms—yellow flag and blue periwinkle, and shining yellow marsh-marigold, and poppy and cornflower—and it has no lustre, and is no more to the soul than a flower made out of wax or paper. Look at it here, in the brilliant sunlight and the hot wind, waving to the wind on its long thorny sprays all over the vast disordered hedges; here in rosy masses, there starring the rough green tangle with its rosy stars—a rose-colored cloud on the earth and summer's bridal veil—and you will refuse to believe (since it will be beyond your power to imagine) that anywhere on the earth, in any hot or temperate climate, there exists a more divinely beautiful sight.

If among the numberless cults that flourish in the earth we could count a cult of the rose, to this spot the vo-

taries of the flower might well come each midsummer to hold their festival. They would be youthful and beautiful, their lips red, their eyes full of laughter; and they would be arrayed in light silken garments of delicate color—green, rose, and white; and their arms and necks and foreheads would shine with ornaments of gold and precious stones. In their hands would be musical instruments of many pretty shapes with which they would sweetly accompany their clear voices as they sat or stood beneath the old oak trees, and danced in sun and shade, and when they moved in bright procession along the wide grass-grown roads, through forest and farm-land.

In this low, level country, sheltered by woods and hedgerows, we feel the tremendous power of the sun even before the last week in June. I love to feel it above all things, to bathe in the heat all day long; but at noon I have sometimes found it too hot, even on the open heath, and have been forced to take shelter in the woods. It was always coolest on the high ground among the pines, where the trees are exceptionally tall and there is no underwood. In spring it was pleasant to walk at this spot on the thick carpet of fallen needles and old dead fern; now, in a very short time, the young bracken has sprung up as if by miracle to a height of four to five feet. It spreads all round me, an unbroken sea of brilliant green, out of which rise the tall red columns of the pines supporting the dark woodland roof. One could not very well sit down among this waist-deep bracken, and it was a weariness to wade in it. I found it more agreeable to pass through it and down into the oak wood on the farther side, where I could pick my way through the undergrowth of holly, thorn and bramble, and find open spaces to sit and stand in. Here, more than in the open, it is felt during the

last ten days of June that spring is over, that it is full summer. Bird songs are few and not loud; the wren, wood wren, and willow wren being almost the only singers. A family party of jays, the young birds not long out of the nest, screamed at me for a few moments, then became silent. Then I disturbed a pair of green woodpeckers—these, too, with young out of their breeding-hole, but unable to fly; and the parent birds, half-crazed with anxiety, flitted round me from tree to tree, and clung to the bark with wings spread and crest raised, their loud laugh changed to a piercing cry of anger that pained the sense.

All the passion and music had gone out of the bird and into the insect world; the oak wood was full of a loud, continuous hum like that of a distant threshing machine; one unbroken deep sound composed of ten thousand thousand small, fine individual sounds, but diffused and flowing like water over the surface under the bushy tangle. The incredible number and variety of blood-sucking flies makes this same low, hot part of the forest as nearly like a transcript of tropical nature in some damp, wooded region as may be found in England. But these forest flies, even when they came in legions about me, were unable to spoil my pleasure. It was delightful to see so much life—to visit and sit down with them in their own domestic circle. Their most vicious stabs, amused rather than hurt me.

In other days, in a distant region, I have passed many a night out of doors in the presence of a cloud of mosquitoes, and when in my sleep I have pulled the covering from my face they had me at their mercy. For the smart they inflicted on me then I now have my reward, since the venom they injected into my veins has proved a lasting prophylactic. But to the poor cattle this place must be a very purga-

tory, a mazy wilderness swarming with minute, hellish imps that mock their horns and giant strength, and cannot be shaken off. While sitting on the roots of a tree in the heart of the wood, I heard the heavy tramping and distressed bellowings of several beasts coming at a furious rate towards me, and presently half a dozen helpers and young bulls burst through the bushes; and catching sight of me at a distance of ten or twelve yards, they suddenly came to a dead stop, glaring at me with strange, mad, tortured eyes; then swerving aside, crashed away through the underwood in another direction.

In this wood I sought and found the stream that has been well named the Dark Water; for it is grown over with old ivied oaks, and with brambles and briars that throw their long branches from side to side, and the nearly hidden current in the deep shade looks black; but when the sunlight falls on it the water is the color of old sherry from the red clay it flows over. No sooner had I sat down on the bank, where I had a little space of sunlit water to look upon, than the flies gathered thick about and on me, and I began to pay some attention to individuals among them. Those that came to suck blood, and settled at once in a business-like manner on my legs, were some hairy and some smooth, and of various colors—gray, black, steel-blue, and barred and ringed with bright tints; and with these distinguished guests came numberless others, small, lean gnats mostly, without color, and of no consideration.

When the guests got too numerous I began to slap my legs, killing one or two of the greediest at each slap, and to throw their small corpses on the sunlit current. These slain flies were not wasted, for very soon I had quite a number of little minnows close to my feet eager to seize them as they fell. And by and by three fiddlers, or

pond-skaters, perhaps "sagacious of their quarry from afar," came skating into sight on the space of bright water; and to these mysterious, uncanny-looking creatures—insect ghosts that walk on the water, but with very unghost-like appetites—I began tossing some of the flies; and each time a fiddler seized a floating fly he skated away into the shade with it to devour it in peace and quiet all alone by himself. For a fiddler with a fly in his possession is like a dog with a bone among other hungry dogs. When I had finished feeding my ghosts and little fishes I got up and, left the place, for the sun was travelling west and the greatest heat was over.

Now is the time of day when our most majestical insect begins to show himself abroad. He is, indeed, a monarch among hexapods, with none to equal him save perhaps the great death's head moth; and in shape and size and solidity he bears about the same relation to pretty bright flies as a horned rhinoceros does to volatile squirrels and monkeys and small barred and spotted felines. This is the stag-beetle—"stags and does" are the native names for the two sexes; he is probably more abundant in this corner of Hampshire than in any other locality in England; and among the denizens of the forest there are few more interesting. About four or five o'clock in the afternoon, the ponderous beetle wakes out of his long siesta, down among the roots and dead vegetable matter of a thorny thicket or large hedge, and laboriously sets himself to find his way out. He is a slow, clumsy creature, and very bad climber, and small wonder when we consider how he is impeded by his long-branched horns when trying to make his way through a network of interlacing stems.

As you walk by the hedgeside a strange noise suddenly arrests your

attention; it is the buzz of an insect, but loud enough to startle you; it might be mistaken for the reeling of a night-jar, but it is perhaps more like the jarring hum of a fastly-driven motor-car. The reason of the noise is that the beetle has with great pains climbed up a certain height from the ground, and in order to ascertain whether he has got far enough, he erects himself on his stand, lifts his wing-cases, shakes out his wings and begins to agitate them violently, turning this way and that to make sure that he has a clear space. If he then attempts to fly—it is one of his common blunders—he instantly strikes against some branch or cluster of leaves, and is thrown down. The tumble does not hurt him in the least, but so greatly astonishes him that he remains motionless a good while; then recovering his senses, he begins to ascend again. At length, after a good many accidents and adventures by the way, he gets on to the topmost twig, and, after some buzzing to get up steam, launches himself heavily on the air and goes away in grand style.

Hugh Miller, in his autobiography, tells of the discovery he made of a curiously striking resemblance in shape between our most elegantly made carriages and the bodies of wasps, the resemblance being heightened by a similarity in coloring seen in the lines and bands of vivid yellows and reds on a polished black ground. This likeness between insect and carriage does not appear, so striking at this day owing to a change in the fashion towards a more sombre color in the vehicles, their funeral blacks, dark blues, and greens being now seldom relieved with bright yellows and reds. The stag-beetle, too, when he goes away with heavy flight, always gives one the idea of some kind of machine or vehicle, not like the aerial phaeton of the wasp or hornet, with its grace-

ful lines and strongly contrasted colors, but an oblong ponderous armor-plated car, furnished with a beak, and painted a deep, uniform brown.

Notwithstanding his lumbering, blundering ways, when the stag is abroad in search of the doe you may see that he is endowed with a sense and faculty so exquisite as to make it appear almost miraculous in the sureness of its action. The void air, as he sweeps droning through it, is peopled with subtle intelligences which elude and mock and fly from him, and which he pursues until he has found out their secret. They mock him most, or, to drop the metaphor, he is most at fault, on a still, sultry day when not a breath of air is stirring. At times he catches what, for want of better knowledge, we must call a scent, and in order to fix the direction it comes from he goes through a series of curious movements. You will see him rise above a thorny thicket, or a point where two hedges intersect at right angles, and remain suspended on his wings a few inches above the hedge-top for one or two minutes, loudly humming and turning by a succession of jerks all round, pausing after each turn, until he has faced all points of the compass.

This failing, he darts away and circles widely round, then returning to the central point suspends himself as before. After spending several minutes in this manner, he once more resumes his wanderings.

A slight wind makes a great difference to him; even a current of air so faint as not to be felt on the face will reveal to him the exact distant spot in which the doe is lurking. The following incident will serve to show how perfect and almost infallible the sense and its correlated instinct are, and at the same time what a clumsy, blundering creature this beetle is.

Hearing a buzzing noise in a large, unkept hedge, I went to the spot, and

found a stag trying to extricate himself from some soft fern fronds growing among the brambles in which he had got entangled. In the end he succeeded, and, finally gaining a point where there was nothing to obstruct his flight, he launched himself on the air and flew straight away to a distance of fifty yards; then turned and commenced flying backwards and forwards, travelling forty or fifty yards one way and as many the other, until he made a discovery; and, struck motionless in his career, he remained suspended for a moment or two, then flew swiftly and straight as a bullet back to the hedge from which he had so recently got away. He struck the hedge where it was broadest, at a distance of about twenty yards or more from the point where I had first found him, and running to the spot I saw that he had actually alighted within four or five inches of a female concealed among the clustering leaves. On his approaching her she coyly moved from him, climbing up and down and along the branchlets, but for some time he continued very near her. So far he had followed on her track, or by the same branches and twigs over which she had passed, but on her getting a little further away and doubling back, he attempted to reach her by a series of short cuts, over the little bridges formed by innumerable slender branches, and his short cuts in most cases brought him against some obstruction; or else there was a treacherous bend in the branch and he was taken further away. Where he had a chain of bridges or turnings, he seemed fated to take the wrong one, and in spite of all his desperate striving to get nearer he only increased the distance between them. The level sun shone into the huge tangle of bramble, brier, and thorn, with its hundreds of interlacing branches and

stringy stems, so that I was able to keep both beetles in sight; but after I had watched them for three-quarters of an hour the sun departed, and I too left them. They were then nearly six feet apart; and seeing what a labyrinth they were in I concluded that, strive how the enamored creature might, they would never, from the stag-beetle point of view, be within measurable distance of one another.

Something in the appearance of the big beetle, both flying and when seen on the ground, in his wrathful, challenging attitude, strikes the rustics of these parts as irresistibly comic. When its heavy flight brings it near the laborer in the fields he knocks it down with his cap, then grins at the sight of the maltreated creature's amazement and indignation. However weary the ploughman may be, when he homeward plods his way, he will not be too tired to indulge in this ancient, practical joke. When the beetle's flight takes him by village or hamlet, the children, playing together in the road, occupied with some such simple pastime as rolling in the dust or making little miniature hills of loose sand, are suddenly thrown into a state of wild excitement, and, starting to their feet, they run whooping after the wanderer, throwing their caps to bring him down.

One evening at sunset, on coming to a forest gate through which I had to pass, I saw a stag-beetle standing in his usual statuesque, angry or threatening attitude in the middle of the road close to the gate. Doubtless some laborer who had arrived at the gate earlier in the evening had struck it down for fun and left it there. By-and-by, I thought, he will recover from the shock to his dignity and make his way to some elevated point, from which he will be able to start afresh in his wanderings in search of a wife. But it was not to be as I thought, for next morning, on going

by the same gate, I found the remains of my beetle just where I had last seen him—the legs, wing-cases, and the big, broad head with horns attached. The poor thing had remained motionless too long, and had been found during the evening by a hedgehog and devoured, all but the uneatable parts. On looking closely, I found that the head was still alive; at a touch the antennæ—those mysterious hair-like jointed rods, toothed like a comb at their ends—began to wave up and down, and the horns opened wide like the jaws of an angry crab. On placing a finger between them they nipped it as sharply as if the creature had been whole and uninjured. Yet the body had been long devoured and digested; and there was only this fragment left, and, torn off with it, shall we say? a fragment of intelligent life!

We always look on this divisibility of the life-principle in some creatures with a peculiar repugnance; and, like all phenomena that seem to contradict the regular course of nature, it gives a shock to the mind. We do not experience this feeling with regard to plant life, and to the life of some of the lower animal organisms, because we are more familiar with the sight in these cases. The trouble to the mind is in the case of the higher life of sentient and intelligent beings that have passions like our own. We see it even in some vertebrates, especially in serpents which are most tenacious of life. Thus, there is a recorded case of a pit viper, the head of which was severed from the body by the person who found it. When the head was approached the jaws opened and closed with a vicious snap, and when the headless trunk was touched it instantly recoiled and struck at the touching object.

Such cases are apt to produce in some minds a sense as of something unfamiliar and uncanny behind nature.

that mocks us. But even those who are entirely free from any such animistic feeling are strangely disturbed at the spectacle, not only because it is opposed to the order of nature (as the mind apprehends it), but also because it contradicts the old fixed eternal idea we all have that life is compounded of two things—the material body and the immaterial spirit, which leavens, and, in a sense, recreates and shines in and through the clay it is mixed with; and that you cannot destroy the body without also destroying or driving out that mysterious subtle principle. Life was thus anciently likened to a seal, which is two things in one—the wax and the impression on it. But you cannot break the seal without also destroying the impression any more than you can break a pitcher without spilling the liquor in it. In such cases as those of the beetle and serpent, it would perhaps be better to liken life to a red glowing ember, which may be broken into pieces and each piece still burn and glow with its own portion of the original heat.

The little summer tragedies in nature which we see or notice are very few, not one in a thousand of those that actually take place about us in a spot like this, teeming with life at midsummer. A second one, which impressed me at the time, had for its scene a spot not more than eight minutes' walk from that forest gate where the beetle, too long in cooling his wrath, had been overtaken by so curious a destiny. But before I relate this other tragedy I must describe the place and some of the creatures I met there. It was a point where heath and wood meet, but do not mingle; where the marshy stream that drains the heath flows down into the wood, and the boggy ground sloping to the water was overgrown with a mixture of plants of different habits—lovers of a dry soil and of a wet soil—heather

and furze, coarse and fine grasses, bracken and bog myrtle; and in the wettest spots there were patches and round masses of rust-red and orange-yellow and pale gray lichen, and a few fragrant shining yellow stars of the bog asphodel, although its flowering season was nearly over. It was a perfect wilderness, as wild and peaceful a desert as one could wish to be in, where a man could spy all day upon its shy inhabitants and no one would come and spy upon him.

Here, if anywhere, was my exulting thought when I first beheld it, there should be adders for me. There was a snakiness in the very look of the place, and I could almost feel the delightful thrill in my nerves invariably experienced at the sight of a serpent. And as I went very cautiously along wishing for the eyes of a dragon-fly so as to be able to see all round me, a coil of black and yellow caught my sight at a distance of a few yards ahead, and was no sooner seen than gone. The spot from which the shy creature had vanished was a small, circular, natural platform on the edge of the bank, surrounded with grass and herbage and a little dwarf, ragged furze; the platform was composed of old, dead bracken and dry grass, and had a smooth, flat surface, pressed down as if some creature used it as a sleeping place. It was, I saw, the favorite sleeping or basking place of an adder; and by-and-by, or in a few hours' time, by cautiously approaching from another side, I should be able to get a good view of the creature. Later in the day, on going back to the spot, I did find my adder on its platform, and was able to get within three or four yards and watch it for some minutes before it slipped gently down the bank and out of sight.

This adder was a very large (probably gravid) female, very bright in the sunshine, the broad, zig-zag band an

inky black, on a straw-colored ground. On my third successful visit to the spot I was agreeably surprised to find that my adder had not been widowed by some fatal accident, nor left by her wandering mate to spend the summer alone; for now there were two on the one platform slumbering peacefully side by side. The new-comer, the male, was a couple of inches shorter and a good deal slimmer than his mate, and differed in color: the zig-zag mark was intensely black, as in the other, but the ground color was a beautiful copper red; he was, I think, the handsomest red adder I have seen.

On my subsequent visits to the spot I found sometimes one and sometimes both; and I observed them a good deal at different distances. One way was to look at them from a distance of five or six yards through a magnifying binocular, which produced in me the fascinating illusion of being in the presence of venomous serpents of a nobler size than we have in this country. The glasses were for pleasure only. When I watched them for profit with my unaided eyes I found it most convenient to stand at a distance of three or four yards; but often I moved cautiously up to the raised platform they reposed on, until, by bending a little forward, I could look directly down upon them.

When we first catch sight of an adder lying at rest in the sun, it strikes us as being fast asleep, so motionless is it; but that it ever does really sleep with the sun shining into its round, lidless, brilliant eyes is hardly to be believed. The immobility which we note at first does not continue long; watch the adder lying peacefully in the sun, and you will see that at intervals of a very few minutes, and sometimes as often as once a minute, he very quietly changes his position. Now he draws his concentric coils a little closer, now spreads them more

abroad; by-and-by the whole body is extended to a sinuous band, then disposed in a form of a letter S, or a simple horseshoe figure; and sometimes the head rests on the body and sometimes on the ground. The gentle, languid movements of the creature changing his position at intervals are like those of a person in a reclining hot bath, who occasionally moves his body and limbs to renew and get the full benefit of the luxurious sensation.

That the two adders could see me when I stood over them, or at a distance of three or four yards, or even more, is likely; but it is certain that they did not regard me as a living thing, or anything to be disturbed at, but saw me only as a perfectly motionless object which had grown imperceptibly on their vision, and was no more than a bush, or stump, or tree. Nevertheless, I became convinced that always after standing for a time near them my presence produced a disturbing effect. It is, perhaps, the case that we are not all contained within our visible bodies, but have our own atmosphere about us—something of us which is outside of us and may affect other creatures. More than that, there may be a subtle current which goes out and directly affects any creature (or person) which we regard for any length of time with concentrated attention. This is one of the things about which we know nothing, or, at all events, learn nothing from our masters, and most scientists would say that it is a mere fancy; but in this instance it was plain to see that always after a time *something* began to produce a disturbing effect on the adders. This would first show itself in a slight restlessness, a movement of the body as if it had been breathed upon, increasing until they would be ill at ease all the time, and at length they would slip quietly away to hide under the bank.

The following incident will show that they were not disturbed at seeing me standing near, assuming that they could or did see me. On one of my visits I took some pieces of scarlet ribbon to find out by an experiment if there was any truth in the old belief that the sight of scarlet will excite this serpent to anger. I approached them in the usual cautious way until I was able, bending forward, to look down upon them reposing unalarmed on their bed of dry fern; then gradually putting one hand out until it was over them, I dropped from it first one; then another piece of silk so that they fell gently upon the edge of the platform. The adders must have seen these bright objects so close to them, yet they did not suddenly draw back their heads, nor exert their tongues, nor make the least movement, but it was as if a dry, light, dead leaf or a ball of thistledown had floated down and settled near them and they had not heeded it.

In the same way they probably saw me, and it was as if they had seen me not, since they did not heed my motionless figure; but that they always felt me after a time I felt convinced, for not only when I stood close to and looked down upon them, but also at a distance of four to eight yards, after gazing fixedly at them for some minutes, the change, the tremor, would appear, and in a little while they would steal away.

Enough has been said to show how much I liked the company of these adders, even when I knew that my presence disturbed their placid lives in some indefinable way. They were, indeed, more to me than all the other adders, numbering about a score, which I had found in the neighborhood. For they were often to be found in that fragrant, sequestered spot where their home was; and they were two together, of different types, both

beautiful, and by observing them day by day I increased my knowledge of their kind. We do not know very much about "the life and conversation" of adders, having been too much occupied in "bruising" their shining, beautiful bodies beneath our ironshod heels, and with sticks and stones, to attend to such matters. So absorbed was I in contemplating or else thinking about them at that spot that I was curiously indifferent to the other creatures—little lizards, and butterflies, and many young birds brought by their parents to the willows and alders that shaded the stream. All day the birds dozed on their gently swaying perches, chirping at intervals to be fed; and near by a tree-pipit had his stand, and sang and sang when most songsters were silent, but I paid no attention even to his sweet strains. Two or three hundred yards away, up the stream on a boggy spot, a pair of peewits had their breeding-place. They were always there, and invariably on my appearance they rose up and came to me, and, winnowing the air over my head, screamed their loudest. But I took no notice, and was not annoyed, knowing that their most piercing cries would have no effect on the adders, since their deaf ears heard nothing and their brilliant eyes saw next to nothing of all that was going on about them. After vexing their hearts in vain for a few minutes the peewits would go back to their own ground, then peace would reign once more.

But even at that spot, sacred to the adders, I was at times compelled to pay attention to some other creature. One day, finding that my people were not at home, I turned disappointed away, but had not gone twenty yards before the sudden loud scraping cry of a snipe came from the bog a little distance away, as if a miniature wild horse had snorted in alarm among the myrtle. This strange, startled cry was

repeated half-a-dozen times at short intervals; then the snipe rose from a small open spot among the heather, and, going to the place, I found three young snipe sitting quietly, close together, on the smooth, wet ground. They were in the downy stage, their color a rich deep golden chestnut, powdered on the back with snow white, the powdered and unpowdered patches forming a symmetrical pattern. The snipe is the only bird I am acquainted with, the downy young of which is actually more beautiful than the adult in its perfect plumage. After admiring them for a couple of minutes I hurried away, so as not to keep the anxious mother too long from the sight of such pretty little ones.

One day, shortly after the snipe episode, I was surprised and a little vexed to find that the peewits had left their own ground to come and establish themselves on the bog within forty yards of the spot where I was accustomed to take my stand when observing the adders. Their anxiety at my presence had now become so intensified that it was painful to witness. I concluded that they had led their nearly grown-up young to that spot, and sincerely hoped that they would be gone on the morrow. But they remained there five days; and as their solicitude and frantic efforts to drive me away were renewed on every visit, they were a source of considerable annoyance. On the fourth day I accidentally discovered their secret. If I had not been so taken up with the adders I might have guessed it. Going over the ground I came upon a dead, full-grown, young peewit, raised a few inches above the earth by the heather it rested on, its head dropped forward, its motionless wings partly open.

Usually at the moment of death a bird beats violently with its wings, and after death the wings remain half open. This was how the peewit had

died, the wings half folded. Picking it up I saw that it had been dead several days, though the carrion beetles had not attacked it, owing to its being several inches above the ground. It had in fact no doubt been already dead when I first found the old peewits settled at that spot; yet during those four hot, long, summer days they had been in a state of the most intense anxiety for the safety of these dead remains! This is to my mind not only a very pathetic spectacle, but one of the strangest facts in animal life. The reader may say that it is not at all strange, since it is very common. It is most strange to me because it is common, since if it were rare we could say that it was due to individual aberration, or resulted through the bluntness of some sense or instinct. What is wonderful and almost incredible is that the higher vertebrates, unlike some social hymenopterous insects, have no instinct to guide them in such a case as I have described, and no inherited knowledge of death. To make of Nature a person, we may see that, in spite of her providential care for all her children, and wise ordering of their lives down to the minutest detail, she has yet failed in this one thing. Her only provision is that the dead shall be speedily devoured; but they are not thus removed in numberless instances; a very familiar one is the sight of living and dead young birds, the dead often in a state of decay, lying together in one nest; and here we cannot but see that the dead become a burden and a danger to the living. Birds and mammals are alike in this. They will call, and wait for, and bring food to, and try to rouse, the dead young or mate; day and night they will keep guard over it and waste themselves in fighting to save it from their enemies. Yet we can readily believe that an instinct fitted to save an animal from all this vain excitement and labor

and danger would be of infinite advantage to the species that possessed it.

Two days after I found the dead peewit the parent birds disappeared; and

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a little later I paid my last visit to the adders, and left them with the greatest reluctance, for they had not told me a hundredth part of their unwritten history.

W. H. Hudson.

ON THE DEATH OF ARNOLD TOYNBEE.

Good-bye; no tears nor cries
Are fitting here, and long lament were vain.
Only the last low words be softly said,
And the last greeting given above the dead;
For soul more pure and beautiful our eyes
Never shall see again.

Alas! what help is it,
What consolation in this heavy chance,
That to the blameless life so soon laid low
This was the end appointed long ago,
This the allotted space, the measure fit
Of endless ordinance?

Thus were the ancient days
Made like our own monotonous with grief;
From unassuaged lips even thus hath flown
Perpetually the immemorial moan
Of those that weeping went on desolate ways,
Nor found in tears relief.

For faces yet grow pale,
Tears rise at fortune, and true hearts take fire
In all who hear, with quickening pulse's stroke,
That cry that from the infinite people broke,
When third among them Helen led the wail
At Hector's funeral pyre.

And by the Latin beach
At rise of dawn such piteous tears were shed,
When Troy and Arcady in long array
Followed the princely body on its way,
And Lord Æneus spoke the last sad speech
Above young Pallas dead.

Even in this English clime
The same sweet cry no circling seas can drown,
In melancholy cadence rose to swell
Some dirge of Lycidas or Astrophel

On the Death of Arnold Toynbee.

When lovely souls and pure before their time
 Into the dusk went down.

These Earth, the bounteous nurse,
 Hath long ago lapped in deep peace divine.
 Lips that made musical their old-world woe
 Themselves have gone to silence long ago,
 And left a weaker voice and wearier verse,
 O royal soul, for thine.

Beyond our life how far
 Soars his new life through radiant orb and zone,
 While we in impotency of the night
 Walk dumbly, and the path is hard, and light
 Falls, and for sun and moon the single star
 Honor is left alone.

The star that knows no set,
 But circles ever with a fixed desire,
 Watching Orion's armor all of gold;
 Watching and wearying not, till pale and cold
 Dawn breaks, and the first shafts of morning fret
 The east with lines of fire.

But on the broad low plain
 When night is clear and windy, with hard frost,
 Such as had once the morning in their eyes,
 Watching and wearying, gaze upon the skies,
 And cannot see that star for their great pain
 Because the sun is lost.

Alas! how all our love
 Is scant at best to fill so ample room!
 Image and influence fall too fast away
 And fading memory cries at dusk of day
*Deem'st thou the dust recks aught at all thereof,
 The ghost within the tomb?*

For even o'er lives like his
 The slumberous river washes soft and slow;
 The lapping water rises wearily,
 Numbing the nerve and will to sleep; and we
 Before the goal and crown of mysteries
 Fall back, and dare not know.

Only at times we know,
 In gyves convolved and luminous orbits whirled
 The soul beyond her knowing seems to sweep
 Out of the deep, fire-winged, into the deep;
 As two, who loved each other here below
 Better than all the world,

Yet ever held apart,
And never knew their own heart's deepest things,
After long lapse of periods, wandering far
Beyond the pathways of the furthest star,
Into communicable space might dart
With tremor of thunderous wings;

Across the void might call
Each unto each past worlds that raced and ran,
And flash through galaxies, and clasp and kiss
In some slant chasm and infinite abyss
Far in the faint sidereal interval
Between the Lyre and Swan.

J. W. Mackail.

THE GRAND MANNER.

The grand manner has gone from the world, and the world seems little put out at its departure. Time was when it was the token at once of breeding and education. Scholarship unadorned with it was held up to scorn as naked pedantry; manners, with no touch of the grand air, could not pass muster in polite circles; literature saw in it the sum and substance of its being. It did duty for a whole lexicon of qualities, but its outward aspect was unmistakable, depending upon a very simple theory of society and human life. There are two classes of men, it held—those who attain and those who fail. It is for the latter to struggle, and complain, and show marks of the conflict; but, for the former, it is the first duty to preserve an untroubled mien, an elegant composure, an aristocratic nonchalance. A man is more than his work, especially if that man be a gentleman. Therefore, let him describe himself by no narrow profession, but shine in twenty spheres with a fine neglect of each. It is for the great lawyer to be a wit, the wit to be a statesman, the scholar a man of fashion. To specialize is to confess oneself

incompetent. Let the rank-and-file make a fuss about their work, but for the master spirits the grand manner is the counsel of perfection, and with it came the chance for a real art of society. If men are to wear honors and successes lightly, the background of ease will come into prominence, and they will study to amuse. And so came that social *finesse* which our great-grandmothers adored, those bowings and smirking which their grandchildren scoffed at, and the whole pleasing science of the *beau monde*. The doctrine was both a theory of human conduct and a social law, preaching at once the arts of success and amusement; and the "grand manner" became the fine flower of accomplished gentility.

The tear of sensibility may be dropped over its tomb, but there can be no question of its revival. The most its admirers can do is to write the history of its *floruit*. It belonged to an age when wealth, leisure, culture and all the good things of life were confined to a class, and it drooped and withered at the advent of democracy. Our modern seriousness and our mod-

ern business-like air killed it, and they chose the cruellest of weapons. It might have survived frank opposition, it could not endure being made to look ridiculous. Like Aristotle's magnificent man, who smiled little and walked with slow and dignified step, our gentleman with the grand air could, at times, be almost comic. Your Sir Wiloughby Patterne still stalked triumphant through the world, but a more modest person, at a suggestion of farce, shrivelled up like a gourd. Then people asked awkward questions. Were not these often elderly, and generally erudite, butterflies an anachronism, wanting in earnestness, in purpose, in a philosophy of life? Even its practical side was denied it. Specialists came to look askance at the scholar who professed to be a man of the world; constituencies suspected a politician with a taste for letters; and attorneys jibed at the lawyer who had the dangerous trick of style. The populace lost its admiration for the fine gentleman; and the capitalist, in seeking to copy his ways, corrupted the model. Lace and brocade were (metaphorically) exchanged for broadcloth and mackintoshes, and the world looked complacently on the change, and complimented itself on its good sense.

But with the rubbish went much that was admirable. At its best this grand manner meant an exuberant vitality, a genuine zest for life. Its exponents might fail, but they failed gallantly. It all worked out to a kind of intense self-respect, which might be ludicrous, but was rarely ignoble. The scholar who spends his life on a text-book may be a finer scholar, but we question if he is so fine a man as his predecessor, who had a dozen other accomplishments. It is better, of course, that a politician should study the housing of the poor, or the drink question, than annotate Horace or write a treatise on taste;

but the result is too often a poor shrivelled creature, crammed with details, but thin in blood and weak in energy. It is all, perhaps, a gain for us, but are the men themselves the equal of their forefathers? Once specialization, if carried to an extreme, was accounted a sin against good taste; now it is the only sure way of salvation. Of course, the old school was wrong; we live in a stirring, practical age, and we should know better. But they had, at least, some philosophy to justify their foolishness, and the loss is apparent, if not on the market highways, at least in the by-paths of life.

The history of English society, which some day the Germans may undertake, will be a study of the decline and fall of the grand manner. Originally an Elizabethan product, and nobly typified in Sidney and Raleigh, it came to maturity in the seventeenth century. A man like Sir Thomas Urquhart in Scotland, with his craze for distinction and his mania for versatility, is the manner carried to an extreme; and the Suckling and the Lovelace school, who were at once cavaliers and poets, and a Lord Herbert of Cherbury, who was philosopher, poet, physicist, soldier and bravo in one, are shining instances of its best. But the eighteenth century was its hey-day. In that modish world of Ranelagh and St. James's, Brookes's and the Cocoa Tree, we have a thousand instances of its perfection. Let it be clearly understood what we mean. It was versatility followed as a fashion and joined with an affectation of ease and indifference, a manner, and not necessarily a character. Most great men have been many-sided, but with the gentlemen of the grand air it was a social duty, and all traces of the process must be hidden from sight. A whole hierarchy of statesmen—Carteret, Bolingbroke, Charles Townshend—were also wits and scholars. A large school, from Wilkes to Fox, were also rakes.

When the city apprentice went down St. James's Street of a morning, and saw, in the clear sunshine through the open window, Fox at cards in his shirt-sleeves, and reflected that this man, the afternoon before, had made an epoch-making speech in the Commons, and had, during the night, in all likelihood, lost a fortune, he recognized the grand manner, and, we trust, shook his head at its folly. A better instance is Lord Mansfield. One of the greatest of English Judges, he was, perhaps, also, since Bacon, the most accomplished. The keen eyes, massive brows, and tart, humorous mouth of the Reynolds portrait reveal a man as versed in letters and the arts of the polite world as in the common law. He was a great lawyer, and, what is rarer, a scholar in law, a man of the widest learning, a wit, a lover of poetry, a man of fashion, and one of the first Parliamentary debaters of his day. Some, too, would call him a statesman, but the matter is doubtful. He was the only man whom Boswell thought worthy of admission into the company of general officers who had seen service. Dr. Johnson, who did not favor the Lord Chief Justice's countrymen, shared the prevalent admiration, as witness this fragment of dialogue. Boswell: "Lord Mansfield is not a mere lawyer." Johnson: "No, Sir, I never was in Lord Mansfield's company. But Lord Mansfield was distinguished at the University. Lord Mansfield, when he first came to town, drank champagne with the wits. He was the friend of Pope." And Pope has given us his own testimony:—

How sweet an Ovid, Murray, was our
boast!
How many Martials were in Pulteney
lost!

But the most typical story is that of the would-be biographer who asked for materials for his life. Mansfield de-

clared that his life was in no way remarkable, for he had always been a man of rank and fashion with every opportunity. "Take Lord Hardwicke," he said; "he was the son of a peasant, and he made himself Chancellor." The peasant happened to be a leading London attorney, and Mansfield's father was a poverty-stricken Scotch Peer suspected of Jacobitism. As far as success at the Bar went, the former had all the advantages; but the grand manner could not stoop to consider them.

It is the word "mere" in Boswell's question which is the ground of the whole difference. To Raleigh or Lord Herbert, Wordsworth would have been a "mere" poet, Mr. Spencer a "mere" philosopher. Gibbon, when he declared that he was not a historian but a gentleman, and Disraeli, when, before his great Oxford speech in '64, he sauntered into the theatre in a shooting-coat and a wideawake, each in his own absurd way protested against professional limitations. Nowadays, we would have a parson be a parson, and a statesman be a statesman; when the grand manner flourished, a gentleman was insulted by being labelled with a single name. To be sure, the results were often disastrous, and fools, who might have done decently had their aspirations been small, made bids for greatness and had lamentable falls. But the art never professed to be for the rank-and-file, but for the master-spirits; and much of the criticism proceeded from the incompetents. "It is with genius as with a fine fashion," wrote Pope; "all those are displeased at it who are not able to follow it."

But whatever the cause be, the grand manner is discredited. Disraeli was almost the last of its disciples, and the abuse of him which was current for so long shows how people had come to regard the affectation. For an affectation it was, though a charming and sometimes a noble one. Versatility can

never be abolished, but a pretence of ease and *insouciance* and a parade of divers accomplishments may easily be discredited. The splendid impassiveness of the great gentleman has succumbed to modern worry and haste, and, for the most part, we frankly con-

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fess that dignity is a nuisance and an anachronism. But the other side of the thing—the taste for a liberal culture—shows signs of revival, and we may see a return to the grand manner, brought up to date and purged of its silliness.

AMERICAN POLICY AND THE MONROE DOCTRINE.

The writers of bulletins from America, who report the recent speech about the Monroe doctrine, all adopt an apologetic tone. The Minister of War, they say, declared that the United States would one day have either to give up the Monroe doctrine or to fight for it, and they excuse his utterance on the ground of his inexperience in diplomatic forms. We see little reason for the excuses. Mr. Root had doubtless been discussing the question with his colleagues, and he simply uttered aloud what every one knows to be true, that in maintaining the Monroe doctrine the Government of Washington accepts a position which must, some day or other, bring her into collision with some Power or coalition upon the European Continent. It will not, in all probability, bring her into collision with Great Britain, because our interests lie in Asia and Africa, and we seek nothing in North or South America which we do not possess, but that is not wholly true of other European Powers. More than one of them have large interests in South America. Italy, for instance, has hundreds of thousands of subjects in Argentina, and Germany has a large population in Brazil, and either of them might be compelled to seek redress, by force of arms, for unpardonable injuries done or threatened to those emigrants. In that case the United States must fight or give up

the Monroe doctrine, for the essence of that doctrine is that North and South America form, in some way, a confederation, that they stand apart in the world, and that no outside Power, especially no European Power, shall effect a lodgment upon either of those two continents. If they do, the Union will drive them off by force. This doctrine is not a mere proposition for diplomats to discuss, but has once, at least, been acted on in a great way. It is well known that Napoleon III quitted Mexico under a distinct threat that if he did not the United States would support the insurgent Mexicans against Maximilian and his French allies, rumor adding that General Grant was bitterly disappointed that the threat was so successful. He believed in his own genius and in American arms, and he would have dearly liked to try conclusions with a first-class European army. He could not, he thought, have been defeated, and victory would have given him a historic reputation not to be obtained from any civil war. The American Minister of War, therefore, was only stating an historic fact, and probably was amazed that any one should take umbrage at his utterance.

The chance that America might have to fight for her favorite axiom in diplomacy has, moreover, of late years been greatly increased by two new circumstances. One is the immensely in-

creased desire of the European States for transmarine possessions. They all think them invaluable as markets and sources of influence, and one of them at least—namely, Germany—longs for some broad territory to which she may send the overspill of her population, now rapidly growing too large to be maintained in comfort within her European dominion. The only great territories now left in the world which are fit for European settlement, yet are sparsely populated, lie in South America, and it is impossible, as the pressure increases, that covetous eyes should not be cast in that direction. Brazil, in particular, would hold 50,000,000 of people, and, therefore, be an immense prize for Germany, which has already a very large body of colonists on the Rio Grande do Sul. It is certain that Brazil could not defend itself, and, therefore, that if the Monroe doctrine is not to be allowed to lapse, the United States must defend her. That would be so easy now that the attempt will not be made, but when, under her new Navy Bill, Germany has doubled her fleet, it is by no means certain that ambitious thoughts will not be awakened, or that the Emperor may not endeavor to prove to his subjects that in asking such sacrifices at their hands he had a very great purpose indeed in view. He may be so strong at sea that the defence of Brazil would be impossible, or too risky, and, as America is disliked by the whole Continent, he would run, if England were occupied or in one of her quiescent moods, but little risk of other interference. The American Minister of War had, therefore, sound reason for his speculation, even if it were uttered mainly from his desire to carry through Congress his Bill for considerably enlarging the standing Army.

The second and hitherto little noticed reason for regarding a struggle over the Monroe doctrine as within the range

of practical politics, is that the American position has become increasingly illogical. It never was logically defensible, for the right to protect any Power when threatened involves a certain responsibility for the acts of that Power, and Washington persistently refuses to acknowledge that responsibility. Supposing Brazil, for example, to suspect its German settlers of treason, and to order their massacre or expulsion—of course, an absurdly improbable event, but one which will illustrate the situation—America would not punish Brazil, but she would defend her against punishment by Germany. Brazil is, therefore, at liberty to do what she pleases without considering consequences—a liberty which is unjust, and one which, if it ever became a fact instead of a speculation, would profoundly irritate the diplomatists of the older world. There was, however, till recently, one corollary of the American attitude which rendered it easier to bear. If she cried "Hands off!" in America, she agreed that events outside the two Americas were none of her business. If she defied the world to interfere with her protégés, she threatened no one with interference on her own part—a fact which, as she grew strong, was a decided relief to European statesmen. They considered America, in the broadest sense of the word, a sort of separate planet. This corollary, however, has recently been abandoned. In compelling Spain to surrender Cuba and the Philippines, which latter are Asiatic islands, the Union has interfered in Europe, has, indeed, upon one or two points—for example, the reversion of Morocco—seriously interfered with European combinations. In her recent action, also, as regards China, the Union has asserted herself—to use the new terminology—as a "world-power," and has given up even the pretence of being exclusively American. Moreover, her com-

merce has become so extensive, and her market so important, that her action with respect to tariffs affects the prosperity of all peoples, and sometimes, in the new hunger for the profits of business, causes the profoundest irritation. All these causes render the Monroe doctrine so increasingly illogical that the older diplomacy will not consent to recognize it, and will, undoubtedly, when the emergency arises, deny that it can be an excuse for compelling any European Power to surrender its purposes. Mr. Root, therefore, in his vigorous and unconventional speech, was not only not stepping out of his way to threaten any-

The Economist.

body, but was performing a plain duty to his countrymen by warning them that if they wished the Monroe doctrine to stand firm, they must provide their Government with the means of fighting in its defence. We do the same thing every day as regards the sovereignty of the seas. Mr. Goschen, when asking for more ships, has said things much stronger than any Mr. Root ventured to say, and so has Count von Bülow, when pleading for his master's Navy Bill. The apologies of the bulletin makers are not only officious; they are absolutely at variance with the precedents of Europe.

SOUTHERNWOOD.

So I have harvested my womanhood
 Into one tall green bush of southernwood;
 And if the leaves are green about your feet,
 And if my fragrance on a day should meet
 And brace your weariness, why, not in vain
 Shall I have husbanded from sun and rain
 My spices if you chance to find them sweet.

I have grown up beneath the sheltering shade
 Of roses: roses' poignant scents have made
 My sharp spice sweeter than 'twas wont to be.
 Therefore if any vagrant gather me
 And wear me in his bosom, I will give
 Him dreams of roses; he shall dream and live,
 And wake to find the rose a verity.

Gather me, gather. I have dreams to sell.
 The sea is not by any fluted shell
 More faithfully remembered than I keep
 My thought of roses, through beguiling sleep
 And the bewildering day. I'll give to him
 Who gathers me more sweetness than he'd dream
 Without me—more than any lily could;
 I that am flowerless, being southernwood.

Nora Hopper.

The Living Age.—Supplement.

JUNE 2, 1900.

READINGS FROM NEW BOOKS.

A FATHER DISTRUSTFUL.*

"Pa," said Mart, after a silence, "may I say something?"

The farmer shifted his position.

"Why, yes; anythin' y'llike, daughter."

"I've been thinking so much about Charlie," she said. "I often wonder whether—pa, don't you think you'd be glad if he came back?"

To her relief, Mr. Bradbury did not shrink from the topic, nor did his tone grow harsh.

"Y' ve got a right t' ask 'bout those things, Mart," he said; "an' sometimes I've hed it in mind that I'd ought t' talk with ye 'bout 'em more."

"I *have* wanted to talk with you, father," responded the girl, softly; "only I didn't want to distress you too much. Wouldn't you like Charlie back?"

"Mart," said her father, after a moment's grave pause, "O' course y' know what was in my mind when I left th' church?"

Mart nodded.

"It's been a matter o' thankfulness with me," he went on, "thet what I felt I hed t' do then didn't affect any other body's b'liefs. I didn't want it should. I wouldn't 've disturbed your views, or y'r mother's or Emmie's f'r worlds. What I did, I hed t' do; but thet only concerned me."

"I understand," she breathed, lovingly.

"I did thet because I'd lost faith; an' I lost it, fust of all, in—in y'r brother—in Charlie. I can't go into thet. Y' didn't know much about it at th' time, an' mebbe it's better y' shouldn't now. I wouldn't hev y' lose faith in him, no more'n in other things, jest b'cause I hed to."

"But, father, is it truly lost?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bradbury, solemnly.

"It 'ud make th' world diff'rent t' me ef 't wa'n't. Night after night I go over it. There ain't twenty-four hours passes—there ain't an hour, mebbe, 'cept when I'm asleep—thet I don't find myself goin' over 'n over thet matter 'bout Charlie, an' tryin' t' make out ef I've been mistaken."

"And doesn't it ever seem so?" she questioned, breathlessly.

"Never once. I can't see it any diff'rent, no matter how I try. It can't be any diff'rent. I can't pictur' any one actin' as he did 'thout their bein' guilty o' doin' wrong." The farmer disengaged his arm, and, rising, began to pace the floor, leaving her poised on the arm of his chair. "Mebbe I'm strange 'bout thet," he went on; "mebbe I'd ought t' see it some other way, an' thet most folks would. Y'r mother sees it diff'rent. I ain't gainsayin' it. Lord knows, I only wish I *could* see it diff'rent. Tain't f'r want o' thinkin' an' wishin'."

* Deacon Bradbury. By Edwin Asa Dix. Copyright, 1900, by The Century Co. Price, \$1.50.

He paced the room a minute in silence.

"But I can't," he cried out miserably. "No honest boy o' mine c'd hear sech a charge as thet an' not—" He paused, stopping in front of Mart. "I—I oughtn't t' say sech things t' ye," he said, controlling himself.

At two o'clock that afternoon the water committee, as summoned by Mr. Bradbury, met at Mr. Clark's office.

"We've come together this afternoon," began Mr. Clark, who was unofficial chairman of the committee, "because Mr. Bradbury informed us that Mr. Lee, of the firm of Lee and Lawrence, was in town in person, and was ready to present their analyst's report on the water question. By the way, Mr. Reed, I must make you acquainted with Mr. Lee."

The lawyer read the report. It gave a technical analysis, in full, of the new artesian water, and showed that the proportion of certain detrimental mineral constituents rendered it unavailable for drinking purposes.

There was a pause as Mr. Clark finished reading.

"Oh, come now," said Mr. Kemble, who, as a member of the firm, was much disappointed, "thet's pretty hard, ain't it? After all th' expense we've been put to!"

"Well, that was fully understood to be the firm's own affair, you know," Mr. Pickering said. "You took that risk."

Mr. Reed was on his feet. His face was frowning, and he was evidently in no pleasant mood.

"The analysis is preposterous," he said, with ire.

Mr. Lee, astounded at the attack, turned to him with equal ire.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"I say it's preposterous. The water's as clear and pure as crystal. Chemists are daft, nowadays, about finding

things that don't exist—in food and water, and I don't know what all."

The firm had suffered severely once or twice from the adulteration laws.

"See here, my friend," said Mr. Lee, with sharp indignation, "you can't bring a charge such as you've just made against my firm without substantiating it. If you're wise, you'll withdraw it immediately."

"I don't see," observed old Mr. Hayes, mildly, "how Mr. Reed c'n know about it exac'ly."

The latter turned on him.

"I used to be a druggist myself over in Hingham," he said, "as I guess you know. And I've investigated this water a little myself. I was perfectly satisfied with it."

"Well, gentlemen," remarked Mr. Lee, ironically, "then you can choose between two reports."

"I only say," added Mr. Reed, more mildly, resuming his seat, "that your expert's been too anxious to discover something—that's all."

Mr. Lee sniffed in scornful amusement.

"Bradbury's one of our cleverest analysts," he said. "One of our most accurate, too. He—"

"Who?" demanded a voice at his side.

"Bradbury," returned Mr. Lee, answering his host, who had spoken. "Same name as yours, by the way. Young, but has shown extraordinary talent in our business."

The farmer heard only the repeated name.

"Bradbury, y' say?" he echoed, strangely startled.

"Yes. Why?"

"What's his fust name?"

"I really don't know. Oh, yes, I do. It's Charles."

"Charles Bradbury," uttered Mr. Pickering, astonished.

Mr. Lee looked around, naturally astonished in turn.

"Why, what's this?" he said. "Do any of you know him?"

"How long's he been with ye?" asked Mr. Bradbury, his words hurrying rapidly.

"Two years or so, I should say."

"It's my boy!" cried the farmer, strongly agitated.

"Your boy? What, your son?" Mr. Lee was incredulous. "How could it be possible?"

The other men had listened in surprised and intent silence.

"Most extraordinary!" ejaculated Mr. Kent.

"Oh, but 'tain't likely, th' least bit, Mr. Bradbury," sharply declared Mr. Hayes.

The ex-deacon essayed to speak, but could not, for the moment.

Mr. Clark wisely spoke for him.

"Mr. Bradbury has a son, Mr. Lee," he explained, "who was for some time in the drug and chemist business, and who left Felton about two years ago. Of course it's possible it may be the same."

The visitor's surprise increased, and he gave as good a description as he could of his assistant's appearance and manner.

"He came to us without an introduction," he added, "but we were rather struck with him at first sight, and took him on for some minor work on trial. We soon discovered the stuff he was made of."

Mr. Reed got up again, contemptuously.

"Of course you'll all admit," he said, "that if this happens to be true, we must have a new analysis."

"Why so?" asked several, Mr. Lee most peremptorily of all.

"There should be a new one, any way, to my thinking," returned the storekeeper. "But if it turns out to be young Bradbury that made this, why—"

Mr. Bradbury had instantly recov-

ered his power of speech. He turned sharply on Mr. Reed.

"Well, what?" he inquired, threateningly. "Go on."

"I wouldn't give a York shilling for it," finished Mr. Reed, coolly.

Mr. Lee began to speak, but Mr. Pickering was before him.

"See here, Mr. Reed," he remonstrated, brusquely, "you're going too far altogether. Mr. Lee, did your assistant know where this water came from?"

"Certainly not," returned Mr. Lee, promptly. "The firm always keeps all such facts to itself."

"Then," said Mr. Pickering, turning sharply to Mr. Reed, "there isn't the slightest reason—"

"I'll do th' talkin' here," interrupted Mr. Bradbury, whose breath was coming and going dangerously. "Y' 'll hev t' explain what y've jest said, Mr. Reed."

He, too, had risen, and now confronted Mr. Reed. Mr. Lee found his quarrel taken from him.

The storekeeper surveyed Mr. Bradbury.

"You yourself once admitted," he said, "that I couldn't trust chemical work with a boy that drinks. I don't see why any one should trust him any better because he happens to steal, too."

There was a cry of quick protest from the men around. Mr. Bradbury's face blazed into fury.

"Steals!" he shouted. "Who says he steals?"

"You as good as said so, I supposed, at the time you left the church."

The ex-deacon gasped like one who receives a sudden douche of cold water. His face became white as quickly as it had become red.

Mr. Kent judiciously stepped in between the two. But Mr. Bradbury's rushing thoughts were not of physical attack.

"My boy? Steal, y' say?" he raged. The words from another's lips seemed to daze him. He caught his breath.

"He never did. He couldn't," he affirmed, simply.

The blood was coming back again to Mr. Bradbury's strongly drawn countenance.

"Charlie never stole a penny in his life," he said, passionately. "He couldn't do sech a thing. It's ag'inst his natur'."

His eyes met Mr. Pickering's, and the pregnant scene at which the latter was present two years before rose clearly before him. It had risen before him countless times, but never in this new, clear light.

"I don't keer what's been said or thought, now or ever," he averred, with the triumph of a new and great certainty. "I don't keer ef all th' world sh'd say he did. I don't keer ef he sh'd 've said so himself."

He stopped again, with a kind of choking.

"'Twouldn't make it a mite more supposable. *Nothin'* c'd make it supposable."

None of the others had spoken. They realized instinctively that something far out of the ordinary, something potentially tragic, was passing before their eyes. This strong, deep-natured man had suddenly come to know his own.

Mr. Bradbury's gaze came back to Mr. Reed, who was standing still,—composed, but with pursed lips. The farmer's anger again leaped into heat.

"I tell y' what—" he began, and then stopped. The turmoil of emotions was too great. He turned around, put out his hand gropingly for his hat, which lay on the table near by, and bolting toward the door, opened it and was gone.

THE RIVAL UNDERTAKERS.*

Job Graves, with the slightest possible sigh of relief, put on his rusty hat, adjusted the striped cotton neckerchief around his old-fashioned high stock, climbed stiffly into his old chaise at the curbstone, and took up his position at the rear of the procession.

That was Job's custom, to ride alone, at the end of the line. He had maintained this custom through the funerals of forty years, having inherited it, with other customs, from his father, undertaker before him. Whereas Daver, with his other "progressive" ideas, had introduced the custom of leading the line; which he did, very grandly, in a luxurious coupé, with gold lettering.

It was the ages-long struggle between the New and the Old, this rivalry across the street. Elsewhere it is "hand-work versus steam," or "Puritan against Cavalier," or "stratified rock at war with the leaf of a book;" here it was "caskets against coffins," with all that these implied. Always, however, the iron rule is—with occasional exceptions—New conquers, modified by Old. So it was here; and Job saw the evil day afar off—as many a conservative sees it—but held, with might, and largely with conscience, to the old methods, to the accustomed ways.

The two undertakers differed widely in their conduct of funeral services. Job did as his father had done; not because that way was best, but because it was his father's way. This.

* The Parsonage Porch. By Bradley Gilman. Copyright, 1900, by Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.50.

rule of conduct became more absolute with him each year. Now that his wife and sons were gone, he had no future; he had "the imagination of regret, having lost the imagination of hope." The star of success, before him, beckoned no longer; the star of experience, from behind, illumined his sad path. Job had given up the idealism of purpose for his sons; he lived by the ideal of example, from his father. Often he brooded anxiously about that absent lad, but his anxiety was not suspected by others; an undertaker is not supposed to have griefs of his own.

Yes, it is a part of the Public's axiomatic knowledge that undertakers have no feelings; machines merely; necessary evils. Job felt his alienation deeply; felt it the more since wife and children had gone away. The old-fashioned, sad-faced, silent man, in his rusty coat and high stock, went in and out among the homes of sorrow; he heard sighs and moans, saw bitter tears trickling, dropping; but always for others, never a breath of sympathy for him. He moved, a white shadow, in darkened rooms, yet a shadow with a heart. Oh, his heart was hungry, often, for pity, for affection. He even envied, sometimes, the silent form in the coffin; it, at least, had love rained upon it. Voices, which spoke to him in stern command, sobbed there; faces, which turned to him in critical inquiry, grew distorted with anguish as they bent over that other face, scarcely whiter than his own.

Thus Job lived, and hungered, and was "in the world, but not of the world." His impassive, worn, old face told little of the need of his desolate heart. He accepted his destiny, which was—"not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

One early morning a drunken, dishevelled tramp found rear entrance to the "Coffin-Warerooms," and lay, in

a stupor, under a bench. The assistant pushed a bag of plush trimmings under his head. Job entered hastily, preparing to journey to a distant city to bring back a "body" for burial. He glanced at the heavy, besotted face, partly hidden by an unkempt beard, and then said:

"Let him sleep it off here! Afterward give him food, and my old coat on that nail, there!" Then he hurried stiffly down the street to catch his train.

The tramp did not "sleep it off." He had "slept off" too many such states before. He was a shattered wreck. There are two exits from stupor. One is back into this visible world, the other is forward into the Unseen. The latter was the shortest exit for the stertorous tramp, and tramps prefer short routes. So he took it.

"Poor devil!" said Job's assistant, and summoned the doctor and coroner; they tried pulse, opened eyelids, felt heart, voted the beast dead. Chuckled over his wisdom in selecting his lodging-house. Affirmed that he had chosen his own undertaker; "the wishes of the dead should be respected;" then a loud laugh, and they departed. So "Daver, City Undertaker," lost this case.

Here was the ambitious assistant's opportunity. An assistant may not be trusted by a careful master to prepare "regular cases," but a tramp—it was a rare opportunity; the assistant washed, shaved, clothed—in short, "laid out" the body.

When Job returned that evening, the assistant met him at the door, told him the unexpected, and, with pride, led the way into the back-shop, to a painted pine coffin beside the bench. And Job Graves, undertaker, looked, then stared, then gasped, and then recognized—the dead face of his wayward son. Death had done its purifying work, as assistant or even master could never have done it; the coarse tramp-face had

dissolved, vanished; the fine features of innocent, hopeful, eager youth lay there revealed. And as patient, wounded old Job felt this awful blow upon his tired heart, he looked about him appealingly; looked for some one to lean upon. There was nobody but the assistant and his hastily-offered arm. Not what the anguished man sought, but he accepted it; then sank, drooping, upon a box; and cold drops beaded his brow.

There he sat in silence, and the tall old-fashioned clock in the corner counted out the seconds, as a physician counts out the drops from a vial, at a bedside. Job heard them, and they seemed like years—his own weary years coming back to him out of the past. He realized now that he had been desperately holding a hope and a purpose in his heart; realized now, by its absence, that it had been there unnamed, unrecognized. He put his hand unconsciously to his side; something seemed to be going; the assistant saw that his lips were parted wide, and that he breathed in gasps; but Job uttered no word, told nothing of the desolation that had come to him. Who was there to tell? Who cared about an undertaker's grief? That face! Oh, that poor, white face of his boy!

The next day Job did not appear at the office; he was ill, in bed.

A week later a physician stood by Job's bedside and told him that he had no ailment, and would be "out" in a few days. For answer, Job looked calmly at him, and said:

"On your way to your office, call at my attorney's! Send him here! I wish to make my will!"

"But my good man, there is really not the slightest—"

Job raised his white hand deprecatingly, closed his eyes, hesitated, then said, with an effort:

"Please also send Daver to me! You know Daver? Does good work; has

some new-fangled notions, but does good work."

Then Job turned his face to the wall. He knew his own condition. He was dying. We all begin to die at our birth; that is normal dying. Nature does it skilfully, inexorably, gently. Job Graves had been dying with abnormal rapidity for twenty years; dying of hunger and solitary imprisonment for life; hunger for affection; solitary imprisonment within the gloomy walls of his strange vocation. Was this, also, Nature's doing? If not, whose?

Daver, mystified but smiling, prompt but constrained, came the next day. Job's lips moved a salutation, but no sound came. Daver waited. He was ill at ease. He was in an unaccustomed position. He often was called to dark rooms and sheeted beds, but with the conditions different. This summons was premature; Daver was restless; cleared his throat loudly, fingered his hat. "To be called here! To this house of all houses! To this man of all men!" Daver's ruling principle was to please; always to gloss the painful stubborn fact; but ruling principles may be suspended; hearts, like states, may experience rebellion; souls, like nations, may suffer revolution; the governing power may be unseated.

So it was with Daver. His round, red face grew anxious. A man's pity, tenderness, looked out through a "Funeral Director's" eyes, as they rested on that sick, wan face.

The old undertaker's eyes opened slowly. His gaze wandered restlessly about the bare room, then paused upon a crude crayon portrait of an old man, near the foot of the bed. The face resembled his own. Job's gaze clung to it tenderly, trustfully. Then his gaze wandered, rested on the man beside the bed; he started as if with surprise, but recollected. "Daver, I have sent for you—you know why." He spoke

feebly; the other nodded, looked constrainedly into his filmy eyes.

"I wish I could take—this—old body—with me, or see to its burying myself; but I can't. We all have to ask help at last, Daver."

The plain, direct appeal of the old man moved Daver strangely. He wondered at himself as he sat there.

"We must depend on—on somebody else, Daver, when—when we are finally the 'case' ourselves; and assistants are not to be trusted—not to be trusted." He raised his eyes with inquiry toward the crayon portrait; then added, "Father never slighted his work." And a faint smile of content flickered over the dying man's face, saying what the humble man's lips would not utter, that he, too, had never slighted his work.

"Daver, neighbor," he murmured, putting out his thin hand, seeking in his last hours after that which he had vainly sought, for many lonely years—a grasp of understanding and sympathy—"Daver, you—do—good—work; but you—know—what—I would wish done. *My way this time, Daver? That—is—all.*"

And the "Funeral Director's" strong, red hand closed over the "Under-

taker's" wasted white one, and the grasp was a pledge. A long silence. Then Daver departed, and Job rested peacefully.

Exactly when his last breath came, nobody in the house could say; but it was about dawn, the next morning, the weary spirit slipped away. Job Graves left earth—an undertaker; he entered heaven—a man.

A few days later a funeral procession passed along the street between the two offices. It was "A funeral of Daver's," but it was "Job Graves's funeral." Throughout all the arrangements the Old and New in funereal art were strangely blended; and a discerning Public felt injured, as it felt baffled in its attempt at explanation. The door-knob of the "Coffin Warerooms" was hung with a knot of black crape, yet the hearse was from the "establishment of Daver & Co., City Undertakers," whose assistant acted as driver; the assistant from the "Coffin Warerooms" rode in the mourners' carriage; and—strange to tell—inexplicable to the wise, all-knowing Public, quite contrary to his custom, Daver, in his luxurious coupé, followed the few carriages, the last in the line.

AS THE TWIG IS BENT.*

We are far too quick in assuming that love of the beautiful is confined to the highly educated; that the poor have no desire to surround themselves with graceful forms and harmonious colors. We wonder at and deplore their crude standards, bewailing the general lack of taste and the gradual reducing of

everything to a commonplace memory basis. We smile at the efforts toward adornment attempted by the poor, taking it too readily for granted that on this point they are beyond redemption. This error is the less excusable as so little has been done by way of experiment before forming an opinion—whole classes being put down as inferior beings, incapable of appreciation, before they have been allowed even a

*The Ways of Men. By Elliot Gregory. Copyright, 1900, by Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.

glimpse of the works of art that form the daily mental food of their judges.

The portly charlady, who rules despotically in my chambers, is an example. It has been a curious study to watch her growing interest in the objects that have here, for the first time, come under her notice; the delight she has come to take in dusting and arranging my belongings, and her enthusiasm at any new acquisition. Knowing how bare her own home was, I felt at first only astonishment at her vivid interest in what seemed beyond her comprehension, but now realize that, in some blind way, she appreciates the rare and the delicate quite as much as my more cultivated visitors. At the end of one laborious morning, when everything was arranged to her satisfaction, she turned to me her poor, plain face, lighted up with an expression of delight, and exclaimed:

"Oh, sir, I do love to work in these rooms! I'm never so happy as when I'm arranging them elegant things!"

And, although my pleasure in her pleasure was modified by the discovery that she had taken an eighteenth-century comb to disentangle the fringes of a rug, and broken several of its teeth in her ardor, that she invariably placed a certain Whistler etching upside down, and then stood in rapt admiration before it, still, in watching her enthusiasm, I felt a thrill of satisfaction at seeing how her untaught taste responded to a contact with good things.

Here in America, and especially in our city, which we have been at such pains to make as hideous as possible, the schoolrooms, where hundreds of thousands of children pass many hours daily, are one degree more graceless than the town itself; the most artistically inclined child can hardly receive any but unfortunate impressions. The other day a friend took me severely to task for rating our American women on their love of the big shops, and

gave me, I confess, an entirely new idea on the subject.

"Can't you see," she said, "that the shops here are what the museums abroad are to the poor? It is in them only that certain people may catch glimpses of the dainty and exquisite manufactures of other countries. The little education their eyes receive is obtained during visits to these emporiums."

If this is so, and it seems probable, it only proves how the humble long for something more graceful than their meagre homes afford.

In the hope of training the younger generation to better standards and less vulgar ideals, a group of ladies are making an attempt to surround our school children during their impressionable youth with reproductions of historic masterpieces, and have already decorated many schoolrooms in this way. For a modest sum it is possible to tint the bare walls an attractive color—a delight in itself—and adorn them with plaster casts of statues and solar prints of pictures and buildings. The transformation that fifty or sixty dollars judiciously expended in this way produces in a schoolroom is beyond belief, and, as the advertisements say, must be seen to be appreciated, giving an air of cheerfulness and refinement to the dreariest apartment.

It is hard to make people understand the enthusiasm these decorations have excited in both teachers and pupils. The directress of one of our large schools was telling me of the help and pleasure the prints and casts had been to her; she had given them as subjects for the class compositions, and used them in a hundred different ways as object-lessons. As the children are graduated from room to room, a great variety of high-class subjects can be brought to their notice by varying the decorations.

It is by the eye principally that taste

is educated. We speak with admiration of the "eighth sense" common among Parisians, and envy them their magic power of combining simple materials into an artistic whole. The reason is, that for generations the eyes of those people have been unconsciously educated by the harmonious lines of well-proportioned buildings, finely finished detail of stately colonnade, and shady perspective of quay and boulevard. After years of this subtle training the eye instinctively revolts from the vulgar and the crude. There is little in the poorer quarters of our city to rejoice or refine the senses; squalor and all-pervading ugliness are not least among the curses that poverty entails.

When we reflect how painfully ill-arranged rooms or ugly colors affect our senses, and remember that less fortunate neighbors suffer as much as we do from hideous environments, it seems like keeping sunlight from a plant, or fresh air out of a sick-room, to refuse glimpses of the beautiful to the poor when it is in our power to give them this satisfaction with a slight effort. Nothing can be more encouraging to those who occasionally despair of human nature than the good results already obtained by this small attempt in the schools.

We fall into the error of imagining

that because the Apollo Belvedere and the Square of St. Mark's have become stale to us by reproduction, they are necessarily so to others. The great and the wealthy of the world form no idea of the longing the poor feel for a little variety in their lives. They do not know what they want. They have no standards to guide them, but the desire is there. Let us offer ourselves the satisfaction, as we start off for pleasure trips abroad, or to the mountains, of knowing that at home the routine of study is lightened for thousands of children by the counterfeit presentment of the scenes we are enjoying; that, as we float up the Golden Horn, or sit in the moonlight by the Parthenon, far away at home some child is dreaming of those fair scenes as she raises her eyes from her task, and is unconsciously imbibing a love for the beautiful, which will add a charm to her humble life, and make the present labors lighter. If the child never lives to see the originals she will be happier for knowing that somewhere in the world domed mosques mirror themselves in still waters, and marble gods, the handiwork of long-dead nations, stand in the golden sunlight and silently preach the gospel of the beautiful.

BOOKS AND AUTHORS.

A new quarterly, *The Book of Book-Plates*, has been established in England for the special delight of collectors.

It is announced that *The Spear* will shortly cease to exist as a separate publication. *The Sphere* will go on. This removes a prolific source of confusion;

and it is, besides, an instance of the survival of the fittest.

An English judge, Mr. Justice Darling, has recently pronounced the law of "*The Merchant of Venice*" distinctly bad. He thinks it singular that the point was never taken that Shylock's contract was void; as it could not have

been according to public policy to allow pounds of flesh to be cut off living persons.

Mr. Thomas Nelson Page is dramatizing his story "Red Rock," which, published as a novel, has nearly reached a sale of 100,000 copies.

Longmans, Green & Co. announce as now ready Volume One of the series of memoirs in which various writers, under the general editorship of Dr. Nansen, present the scientific results of the Norwegian North Polar Expedition of 1893-6.

Charles K. Field, a nephew of Eugene Field, is part author of a volume of college stories, which Doubleday, Page & Co. are about to publish, the distinguishing feature of which is that they relate to western college life—at Stanford University.

The new edition of Mrs. Gaskell's "Life of Charlotte Brontë," with which the Haworth Edition of the writings of the Brontë sisters is concluded, includes nearly one hundred hitherto unpublished letters, and eleven new illustrations, besides portraits.

Mr. Hamerton's "Paris in Old and Recent Times," which Little, Brown & Co. publish in a new edition, with illustrations, has by no means been superseded by later volumes of the guide-book order; and it will find a place in the luggage of many visitors to Paris this summer.

A book made up of a series of addresses to young men, and speaking in no uncertain tone upon the qualities that go to the building of a strong character, is "Twentieth-Century Knighthood," by the Rev. Louis Albert Banks. The illustrations used are apt, the ground taken is a high one, and the

book is none the less useful for being small and compact. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Four pages are devoted to the writings of the late Duke of Argyll in the catalogue of the British Museum; yet The Athenæum dismisses him somewhat curtly with the remark that outside of science he hardly made any contributions to literature which are likely to be of permanent value. The Athenæum finds him lacking the gift of expression in poetry, and perverted in his economic and historic work.

Mr. Edward Smith is about to publish in London a work entitled "England and America after Independence," concerning which it is said that the author began it with a mind wholly free from bias, but that his researches convinced him that "the conduct of the successive Governments of Great Britain has been uniformly equitable, candid and conciliatory." This should make the work pleasant reading—in London.

In a letter written to a friend, shortly before his death, Dr. Mivart said of his last work, "The Groundwork of Science:" "It has undergone no ecclesiastical supervision, my convictions, when I wrote it, being almost fully what they now are. I have no more leaning to atheism or agnosticism now than I ever had; but the inscrutable, incomprehensible energy pervading the universe, and (as it seems to me) disclosed by science, differs profoundly, as I read nature, from the God worshipped by Christians."

The Athenæum's characterization of M. Bourget is interesting:

M. Bourget is always agreeable to read, but he is never arresting. He writes adequately, but without any luxury of delight. He does not charm

us out of ourselves; he interests, instructs us; and he has his own place as a critic, a distinguished place among the too literary or too little literary critics of our time, because he never forgets that a book is not merely so many printed pages inside a cover, but a finer part of human speech, and with its appeal to what is most human in humanity as well as to that lower intelligence which browses contentedly upon the printed page.

In Grant Duff's lately-published "Diary" are several references to Matthew Arnold. Among them is this, regarding Arnold's notebooks:—

They are small diaries, long and narrow. Sunday comes at the top of each page, and in the spaces devoted to that day, as at the beginning and end of the volumes, Mat. Arnold was in the habit of copying short passages which struck him in the authors he happened to be reading.

Some of these entries are of peculiar interest. In the blank space belonging to Sunday, April 15, he had entered these words from Ecclesiasticus:

"Weep bitterly over the dead as he is worthy, and then comfort thyself, drive heaviness away; thou shalt not do him good, but hurt thyself."

On the opposite page stood, of course, Sunday, April 22. Under it he had entered:

"When the dead is at rest, let his remembrance rest, and be comforted for him when his spirit is departed from him."

It was on the first of these days that Arnold died.

A valuable addition to the Cambridge Edition of the poets has been made in a volume edited by Horace E. Scudder, "The Complete Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott." It is unusually complete and well-arranged, the poems being given in chronological order, with introductory passages of exceeding interest, which are either of Mr. Scudder's own writing or selection, and cast new light upon many of the verses.

A brief biography, covering the period of Scott's greatest poetical activity, is decidedly sympathetic. The real lover of Scott will take particular comfort not only in the grouping together of the short poems from the novels in their order, but also in the full collection of those beguiling mottoes from that once mysterious but now well-understood source, the "Old Play," these last being part of a fascinating appendix, which also contains an abundance of notes. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

The name of Florence Converse will remind many readers that they found in "Diana Victrix" last year a first novel of unusual quality and promise, and they will take up "The Burden of Christopher" with anticipations which will not be disappointed. This second story is marked by the same brilliancy of style and delicacy of fancy that made the earlier one so attractive, while it shows a gain in force, purpose and emotional power. Its problem is the familiar one of the relations between capital and labor, employer and employed, but the treatment is distinctly fresh. No new light is thrown on the economic perplexities involved, but their effect on the characters brought face to face with them is described with an intensity which grows almost painful as the slender plot nears its close. It is no disparagement of Miss Converse's talent, but the contrary, to say that her book does not quite realize the ideal one feels she had for it. Her character delineation sometimes results in types, not individuals, and the multitude of her epigrams and allusions detracts from the concentrated impression she should make. But the first of these faults she shares with many novelists of unquestioned standing, and the second is easily corrected. Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

- Arden Massitur. By Dr. William Barry. The Century Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Artists, Great. Vol. I. Raphael, Rubens, Murillo, Durer. By Jennie Ellis Keyser. Educational Publishing Co.
- Artists, Great. Vol. II. Van Dyck, Reynolds, Rembrandt, Bonheur. By Jennie Ellis Keyser. Educational Publishing Co.
- Arts of Life, The. By Richard Rogers Bowker. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Bible, Mental Index of the. By Rev. S. C. Thompson. Funk & Wagnalls Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Burden of Christopher, The. By Florence Converse. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Cricket in Many Climes. By P. F. Warner. Wm. Heinemann.
- Currita, Countess of Alborno. By Luis Coloma. Translated by Estelle Huyck Attwell. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Doctrine and Doctrinal Disruption. By W. H. Mallock. A. & C. Black.
- Edinburgh, Romantic. By John Geddie. Sands & Co.
- Empress Octavia. A Romance of the Reign of Nero. By Wilhelm Walloth. Translated by Mary J. Safford. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Evolution and Theology. By Otto Pfeiderer, D.D.. A. & C. Black.
- For the Queen in South Africa. By Caryl Davis Haskins. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- France Since 1814. By Baron Pierre de Coubertin. Chapman & Hall.
- Garden of Eden, The. By Blanche Willis Howard. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.
- Hotel de Rambouillet. By Leon H. Vincent. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Immortality, The Conception of. By Josiah Royce. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Ladysmith, The Relief of. By John Black Atkins. Methuen & Co.
- Life of Lives, The. By F. W. Farrar, D.D. Cassell & Co.
- Love in a Cloud. By Arlo Bates. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Man and His Divine Father. By John C. C. Clark, D.D. A. C. McClurg & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Mental Culture, An Essay on. By George Alnslie Hight. J. M. Dent.
- Mississippi Valley in the Civil War, The. By John Fiske. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$2.00.
- New Testament, Epistles of the. In Current and Popular English. By Henry Hayman, D.D. A. & C. Black.
- Paris, A Woman's. Small, Maynard & Co. Price, \$1.25.
- Parsonage Porch, The. By Bradley Gilman. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Passion-Play at Ober-Ammergau. By the late Isabel, Lady Burton. Hutchinson & Co.
- Phillip Winwood. By Robert Neilson Stephens. L. C. Page & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Quest of Mr. East, The. By John Soane. Archibald Constable & Co.
- Red Blood and Blue. By Harrison Robertson. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.
- Robert Tournay. By William Sage. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$1.50.
- Scott, Sir Walter, The Complete Poetical Works of. Cambridge Edition. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. Price, \$2.00.
- Shakespeare the Man. By Goldwin Smith. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Slave, The. By Robert Hichens. Herbert S. Stone & Co.
- Tales for Christmas and Other Seasons. By François Coppée. Translated by Myrta L. Jones. Little, Brown & Co. Price, \$1.00.
- Unleavened Bread. By Robert Grant. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.
- Ways of Men, The. By Eliot Gregory. Charles Scribner's Sons. Price, \$1.50.